OCT 25 · 1941

# Liberty

FIVE CENTS

THE ROSE OF LIMA by JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

TOO-HOO! HAVE WE GOT A SISSY ARMY?

# You serve the Wine and a grand visit is under way

*People find there's a friendly, moderate kind of relaxation that most everyone wants today*

MORE THAN EVER before, folks like their friends to come visiting of an evening. All over the country, today, you find it so.

We're discovering it's a time to gather together in our homes. To seek the companionship of people we care for.

When you share good wine with friends you're in line for a quiet, relaxing evening. A let-up of the moderate kind more and more people prefer. It's one reason wine serving has earned such favor lately.

An interesting new booklet on wine serving is available now. Your copy will be mailed free, if you will write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents every wine grower in California.

You will find California wines are sound, well-developed and reasonable in price. Connoisseurs will tell you these wines of our own country are good by any standard in the world.

Next time you ask friends over, try this considerate way of showing hospitality — serve wine.

Pictured here is full-bodied, rich red *Port*. Refreshment wines such as *Port* and *Muscatel* are very popular for between-meal serving. *Sherry* is the favorite appetizer wine. With dinner, serve a light California red or white wine, such as *Claret* or *Chablis*. Your wine dealer will be glad to help you with your selection.

**NATIONAL WINE WEEK, OCT. 12-19**

*In leather-neck language*

# "LISTERINE HAS LANDED

## and the situation is well in hand!"

***Tested treatment attacks infection. 76% of test cases noted marked improvement in symptoms. Easy, quick, delightful. No mess, no grease.***

ITCHY SCALP and inflammation, telltale flakes and scales are plenty of trouble for anybody, even for a husky Marine who takes trouble as it comes!

These are symptoms that shouldn't be neglected, for dandruff is often infectious. And these symptoms may mean that *you* have the infectious type of dandruff . . . that millions of germs are at work on your scalp.

Now, the sensible way to fight an infectious condition is with antiseptic action which attacks large numbers of the germs that accompany the infection *and quickly kills them.*

When Listerine Antiseptic is massaged onto your scalp, it's the finish of literally millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff! Even the strange and stubborn "bottle bacillus" is killed in vast numbers! This is the same "bottle bacillus"—Pityrosporum ovale—that many leading authorities brand as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Listerine gives scalp and hair a cool, invigorating antiseptic bath. Ugly, loosened dandruff scales begin to disappear. Itching and irritation are relieved. Your scalp feels better, your hair looks cleaner.

Scientific tests showed amazing results. In one series of clinical tests, under exacting conditions, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month.

In addition to this, men and women all over America have written enthusiastic letters, telling how delighted they are with the results of the Listerine Antiseptic home treatment.

If you have this troublesome scalp condition, don't delay treatment. Neglect may aggravate the symptoms. Start *today* with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Give Listerine a chance to do for you what it has done for so many others.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

### THE TREATMENT

**MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

**WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.

**Listerine for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF—*the tested treatment***

# Vox Pop

## *The First Word-- From Our Readers*

### MORE ABOUT WHAT THEY WOULD DO WITH HITLER

*Some letters to Liberty last week pondered the question: What would you do with Hitler if he were captured by the Allies? Now comes a stimulating continuation of the discussion.*

NEWBURGH, N. Y.—In a little store on a side street in this city, a group of men, most of them Liberty readers, meet occasionally to debate upon world affairs. Here is what some of them think regarding Hitler's ultimate fate.

Torture, even if merited, is unthinkable for a Christian people. That leaves either imprisonment or death. So the debaters decided upon a unique form of solitary confinement in a prison especially constructed for Adolf Hitler.

First comes the site, on an eminence such as Hitler loves, with the front facing the ocean he could not conquer. Then the house, soundproof from within, that he may never have the solace of a human voice.

And, being godless, his only reading shall be the Bible. And he shall have no writing material with which to create a second Mein Kampf; nothing other than the Book of Books.

There, in a place to which all roads shall lead, Adolf Hitler shall spend his days. And after his demise the place shall remain a monument in perpetuity, a reminder to all as to the fate of those who would usurp the power of God and dominate the world.

What do you think of the idea?—*George B. Dougan.*

### WE HOPE SO

ERIE, PA.—Once more Liberty hits the nail on the head with fiction that is abreast of the times.

The present wave of resistance in German-occupied countries becomes first-page news at the very time that you are publishing Oscar Schisgall's fine serial, Tomorrow We March. Did the inspiration of his story find its way across the sea?—*William Brown.*

### WRONG CAMACHO

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please let me apologize for a mistake in the photograph used with your article by President Camacho of Mexico (August 30 Liberty). By some error a photograph of General Maximino Avila Camacho, a brother, was incorrectly titled and supplied to you. I should add that the error occurred before Wide World Photos, Inc. (who supplied the picture) was transferred to the Associated Press.—*Hugh Wilson, former File Room Manager, Wide World Photos.*

Liberty acknowledges with thanks many letters from readers calling attention to this mistake.—VOX POP ED.

### BLUSHES FOR TWO

HOLLYWOOD CALIF—WHOEVER WROTE THE LITTLE FOXES REVIEW (September 20 Liberty) EARNS MY DEEP APPRECIATION AND I WISH YOU WOULD CONVEY MY FEELINGS TO THE INDIVIDUAL ALSO MY ADMIRATION FOR THE INTELLIGENT MANNER IN WHICH THE WHOLE ARTICLE IS HANDLED I CONGRATULATE YOU UPON YOUR CHOICE IN SELECTING THIS WRITER—BETTE DAVIS.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I want to congratulate you on the Bubbles Schinasi articles. They strike an entirely new note and I can't tell you how much I enjoy them.—*Cole Porter.*

Thanks to the man who wrote Night and Day and scores of other unforgettable songs. We expect to see Miss Schinasi again in Liberty next week.—VOX POP ED.

### THE QUIZ KID, AS USUAL, IS RIGHT

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have always enjoyed your quizzes, but at last I have found an error in one. Mr. Deems Taylor has never been narrator of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, as stated in your Commentator Quiz (September 13 Liberty).—*Quiz Kid Joan Bishop.*

### . . AND SO IS MISS VIANO

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.—The Last Word page in August 30 Liberty refers to Sinclair Lewis' acting in It Can't Happen Here in the "charming summer playhouse at Scituate." The honor justly belongs to Cohasset.—*Barbara Viano (a summer resident of Cohasset.)*

### SO THAT'S HOW IT WAS!

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I was certainly surprised to find in your pages such a story as The Road to Valley Forge, by Peggy von der Goltz (September 6 Liberty). Even school children know that there were no English soldiers over here during the Revolutionary War.—*A Son of the Revolution.*

"It happens to be the *only* way I can get him to eat something!"

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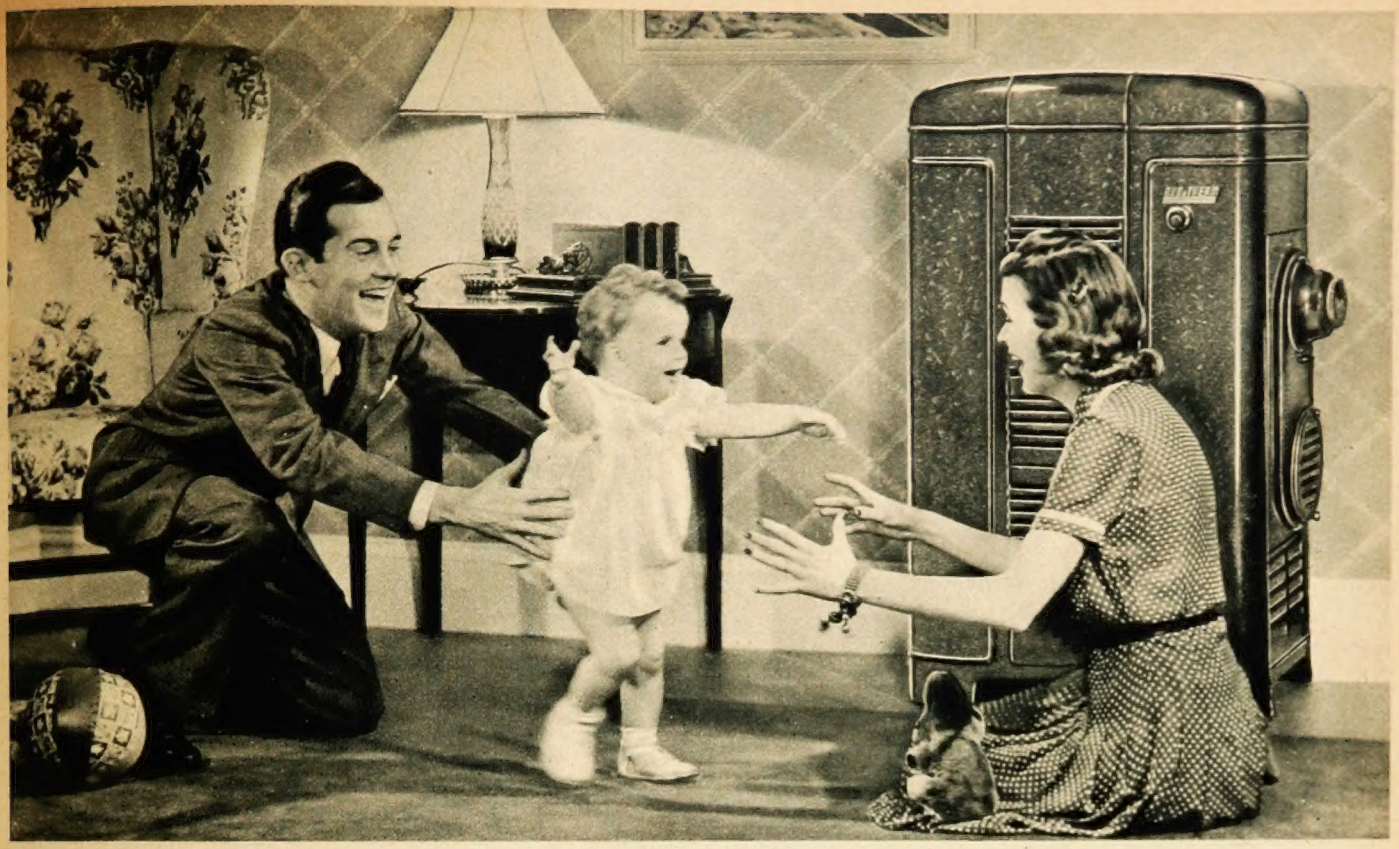

**YOUR WHOLE HOUSE WILL BE WARMER,** *cozier,* more *healthful* with the New Duo-Therm Fuel-Oil Heater with patented *POWER-AIR*—the most amazing, *new-style* heater ever made! Duo-Therm's new *Power-Air* blower warms your whole house *fast;* gives you comfortable, *even* warmth, *floors to ceilings!* And *Power-Air* is adjustable, to give you just the amount of circulation desired. (Remember: heat that is not *power-driven* floats lazily to the ceiling. But Duo-Therm's patented *Power-Air drives* lazy ceiling heat *down,* keeping floors *toasty-warm! Comfortable!*) Duo-Therm with *Power-Air* saves up to 25% on fuel oil over a heater without *Power-Air.* Duo-Therm will open your eyes to a new standard of clean, *cheap* heating comfort . . . comfort that no other heater can give you! See the new ROYAL model below . . .

# DUO-THERM GIVES BETTER HEATING . . . AND CONSERVES OIL TOO!

**An Amazing New Heater,** really *two* heaters in one! First: it *circulates* forced warmth to the whole house *fast,* with Duo-Therm's efficient POWER-AIR!

**DUO-THERM . . . THE MOST POPULAR FUEL-OIL HEATER IN AMERICA!**

Second: with Radiant Doors open, it *radiates* warmth like a fireplace! As sturdy as a furnace . . . as beautiful as any piece of modern furniture!

**New Standard of Beauty!** New, *modern* styling—new *rounded* contours—new Duo-Tone finish—make the Duo-Therm Royal a lovely addition to any room! The handsomest heater ever made!

**New Standard of Efficiency!** Now, more than ever before, fuel-oil conservation is important! And Duo-Therm's new, improved *patented* Dual-Chamber Burner, with complete flame control, saves oil . . . gives you *more* heat from every single drop! *And only Duo-Therm has it!*

**Extra Features!** Handy Front Dial gives just the degree of heat you want. Duo-Therm's *Radiant Doors* open to give floods of "fireplace" warmth! Special *Waste-Stopper* saves fuel. *Coordinated Control* insures proper draft for perfect combustion. *Safe!* Duo-Therms are listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

**Small Down Payments!** Duo-Therm offers a complete line of heaters, all styles, all sizes, 1 to 6 rooms. Easy terms. See new models at your dealer's today! Mail the coupon *now* for complete information!

**RADIANT CIRCULATOR**
*ONLY* $39.95
MODEL 575-2

Model 575-2 Duo-Therm is the perfect answer for room heating comfort. Radiates *and* circulates.

**—TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!—**

Duo-Therm Division, Dept. LB-5
Motor Wheel Corporation
Lansing, Michigan

Send me, without obligation, complete information about Duo-Therm heaters. I am also interested in Duo-Therm *Furnaces* ☐ . . . *Water Heaters* ☐ . . . *Trailer Heaters* ☐ . . . *Ranges* ☐

*Name*.....

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*City*..... *County*.....

*State*.....

Copr. 1941, Motor Wheel Corp.

# MEAT and the noon whistle

Watch them rush, watch them run, watch them head straight for home, restaurant or lunch box. They're hungry all right, but are they getting the balanced lunch that their bodies and their work demand?

*For girl who works*—quick, inadequate lunch at noon often makes for impaired efficiency in afternoon.

*For man who works*—whether you're pushing a push button or wheelbarrow you need same amount of protein daily.

*For child at school*—a child needs at least twice as much protein per pound of body weight as grownups.

*For woman at home*—too often she merely "snacks" when her body requires a balanced lunch.

***Too often the effects of the haphazard lunch further aggravate the effects of the sketchy, haphazard breakfast, which means practically 24 hours from one square meal to the next***

THERE's something about meat on the table that puts more pleasure in the lunch hour; that makes you feel like hitting the ball harder when you get back on the job.

One of the principal penalties of the modern lunch is protein deficiency. Without proteins, the tissues of the body are not repaired or replaced.

You can safeguard yourself against this deficiency by making meat an important part of your noonday meal, for meat is a rich source of complete, high quality proteins. It also is a natural source of certain B vitamins and important minerals (iron, copper, phosphorus).

Try meat and the balanced meal at your lunches for a week or so and see if you don't realize its importance in your workaday diet.

*AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE*
*CHICAGO*

*This Seal means that all statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.*

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods


# Man t

BY GERA

**READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS**

☆ THIS fall, it seems, is going to be a sensible season for men's clothes. Looking over suits priced from twenty-five dollars to a hundred and twenty-five, I found an agreement in taste that might be surprising in any country but this. There were no monsters, no fancy backs, few acid greens.

Good navy-blue worsted which used to be the backbone of a man's wardrobe is being replaced to a large extent by a slightly lighter and brighter blue with a chalk stripe. In most cases the fabric is either flannel or soft-finished worsted.

Reports from Cambridge say that Harvard men prefer unstriped flannel suits of a gray somewhat darker than medium but not as dark as oxford. This is O. K., because most men can use both suits as alternatives. And it's a good idea to have both, because, generally speaking, the same shirts, ties, socks, shoes, hats, and overcoats are smart with either, which isn't true if you get into brown.

The jackets of most of these suits are double-breasted.

*Head Lines:* Hats, this fall, are getting back to normal proportions. Those wide flat brims are disappearing. And there won't be any more of those ice-cream colors for a while, because the war has cut the supply of white rabbit hair from Belgium.

Stetson's "three-way" hat — price seven fifty—has a welt-edged brim, slightly curled, which can be worn up all around, snapped down in front, or down all around. It is on the narrow side—about two and a quarter inches in New York, two and a half in Chicago.

Hatters have not had much success in their efforts to revive the derby, even though they've made it lighter in weight to suit American taste, and have softened up the inside edge so it doesn't put corns on your forehead.

☆ HAVE you seen the Fills-Easy tobacco pouch? Shaped like a flattened funnel, it is closed at the small end by a spring device that you press to release tobacco into your pipe bowl. The top is closed with a slide fastener. Made of grained leather —black or brown—this pouch costs one buck.

You may know about Lektrolite's Glopoint—a flameless lighter which has a rubber flange that fits over the

rim of a pipe bowl, making it easy to light the pipe in wind or rain. This costs two dollars.

At Saks Fifth Avenue I saw two wallets that were not designed especially for service men but seem particularly suitable for them. They are very flat and won't bulge the pocket of a soldier's shirt or a sailor's jumper.

The first is a snapshot wallet with eight leaves that are cellophane envelopes; into each two snaps can be slipped back to back. One of the envelopes could be reserved for a liberty card. This costs two seventy-five in pigskin, one dollar in morocco.

The second wallet, called Slip-Fold, is of two pieces of pigskin cut and folded in such a way that only one row of stitching is required to produce a smart wallet with a place for bills, a pocket for change and keys, and a place for cards and small photos. The whole business is closed securely with a snap; the special feature is that you can slip out one bill without disturbing the others and without opening the flap. Two bucks.

Kent of London has a new nailbrush that is really slip-proof. One end of a plastic back has been extended to more than its own length and bent back more or less parallel, so that it makes a good grip for your fingers. Since the grip is open at one end, you can hook it over a glass or a bar and let it dry. The wild-boar bristles are fine and stiff. It's worth the rather stiff price of a dollar seventy-five.

The Bar Mart is a store in New York which has a surprising collection of things connected with drinking. Practical, decorative, ribald, and gag items are sold at reasonable prices. You ought to send for the illustrated catalogue. I liked a fourteen-ounce copper tankard that holds a bottle of beer and costs only eighty-five cents. Considering the durability, half a dozen would be an economy.

If you have difficulty finding the things I have described in the shops in your vicinity, drop me a line and I'll be glad to give you the name of the manufacturer and tell you where to buy them in New York. I'll also be glad to answer any other questions you may have about men's stuff.

THE END


WONDERS OF AMERICA

World's Mightiest "Eye"!

IMAGINE MAGNIFYING OBJECTS UP TO 100,000 TIMES BIGGER! ELECTRONS FLASH THROUGH THIS STARTLING NEW MICROSCOPE AT ABOUT 83,000 MILES A SECOND!
THAT'S EVEN FASTER'N I CAN LOAD UP MY PIPE WITH PRINCE ALBERT!
WHY ARE ELECTRONS USED INSTEAD OF LIGHT, DAD?
AT THE RCA RESEARCH LABORATORIES

ELECTRONS ARE MYSTERIOUS FORCES THAT SHOW UP TINY OBJECTS INVISIBLE UNDER THE LIGHT OF ORDINARY MICROSCOPES
WONDER HOW PRINCE ALBERT'S COOLER-BURNING CRIMP CUT LOOKS UNDER THAT 'MIKE'

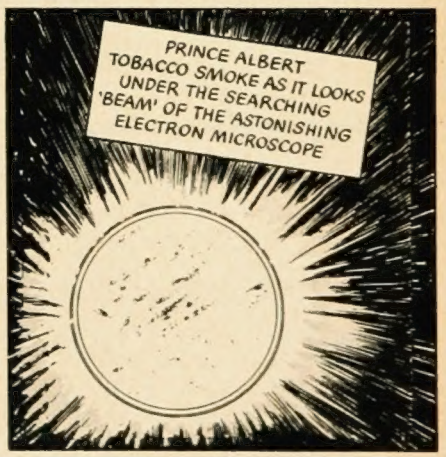
EVEN UNDER AN ORDINARY MAGNIFYING GLASS IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY PRINCE ALBERT'S UNIQUE CRIMP CUT WOULD DRAW BETTER AND BURN COOLER
AND THAT CRIMP CUT PACKS BETTER, TOO
PRINCE ALBERT

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

**86 DEGREES COOLER**

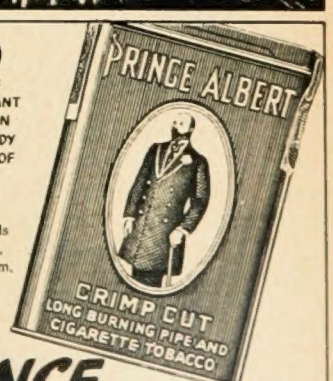
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*

NOW YOU'LL SEE WHAT PRINCE ALBERT'S MILDNESS AND FRAGRANCE LOOK LIKE. THAT P.A. SMOKE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE IS MAGNIFIED 21,000 TIMES



WHEN I FIRST TRIED PRINCE ALBERT IT SEEMED TO ME THAT SMOKING PLEASURE WAS MAGNIFIED A THOUSANDFOLD—THAT EASY-ON-THE-TONGUE MILDNESS ALONE, NOT TO SPEAK OF THE MELLOW, RICH TASTE!
IT'S THE SAME WITH P.A. IN 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO— NO HARSHNESS, YET PLENTY OF RICH GOODNESS— AND EASIER, FASTER ROLLING, TOO, WITHOUT A BIT OF WASTE

**50** PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT




R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

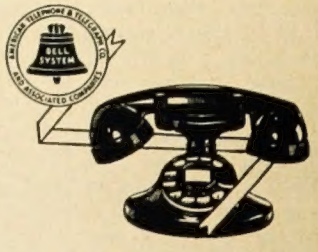
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

# 1941 looks at 1916

THINGS have changed a lot in 25 years and yet there is much that is the same.

In 1916 it was Preparedness; in 1941, National Defense. But now the scale is bigger, the pace faster. There was pressure on the telephone business then. The pressure is infinitely greater now. New training camps; new aviation fields; new munitions plants—all need telephones. Every one is moving faster and when a Nation hurries it does it by telephone. The Bell System spent 94 millions on new construction in 1916. It is spending more than 420 millions in 1941.

The entire Bell System organization is giving "first call" to defense. We believe you would want it that way.




***BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM***

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS BROADCAST EVERY MONDAY EVENING OVER THE N.B.C. RED NETWORK.

O. I. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

OCTOBER 25, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 43

# HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO A GREAT LADY!

☆ NEXT week a famous American lady will have a birthday, and the whole nation should praise God that she is still alive.

Although she was an immigrant, born in France, yet she is more truly American than any other woman living or dead. She has come to mean everything in which we Americans believe; she stands for freedom of human thought and action and worship, for good will and for peace. On October 28 she will be fifty-seven years old, this famous American lady who is 150 feet tall and weighs 225 tons.

Some call her the Old Lady of Bedloe Island. Others refer to her as Bartholdi's Statue. Her proper name is Liberty Enlightening the World.

For more than half a century she has stood on a star-shaped pedestal in New York harbor. In her left hand she holds a tablet on which are carved the words "July 4, 1776." Her right hand, raised to heaven, holds a torch that at night burns with an inner light. She faces the sea, welcoming the incoming ships as if to tell those who flee oppression and tyranny that we free Americans regard Ellis Island as a new Plymouth Rock.

The French, who gave us this colossal bronze statue, raised the money by free gifts from free people. That was only fifty-seven years ago. Why, Pétain was alive then! And he was free, too! Not the doddering puppet of an alien tyrant he is today.

On October 28, 1886, President Cleveland received the Statue of Liberty with these words:

"This token of the affection and consideration of the people of France demonstrates the kinship of republics and conveys to us the assurance that, in our efforts to commend to mankind the excellence of a government resting upon the popular will, we still have beyond the American continent a steadfast ally."

To those words of President Cleveland, so ironic today in the presence of the humiliation of France, the French Minister, M. Lefaivre, said:

"More powerful than mere monuments and inscriptions will be this majestic statue . . . which not only recalls a glorious past but spreads its luminous light upon the present and over the future. This symbol . . . is not a chimeric allegory. Pledge of a fraternal union between the two greatest republics of the world . . ."

Lefaivre is dead, with Cleveland and, indeed, with the great Republic of France. The light from our statue finds no answering gleam in the darkness of human liberty which we name Vichy.

But our statue still stands and her light still shines! It stands for that liberation of the human spirit which made our heroes endure the horror of Valley Forge and fight on; the same spirit of liberation that brought France to our side in a desolate hour of the Revolution; the spirit that tore down the Bastille and, overcoming the excesses of the Terror, gave to Europe a new charter of human rights. That spirit is *not* dead. The light of liberty has *not* gone out forever. In France today the deathless spirit of liberty flickers in every bold effort at revolt, every shot in the dark against tyrant and invader; it flames up in de Gaulle and his Free French; it will burn on until all Frenchmen are free again. Freedom is like fire: it can be put out but it can never be cooled. And with every new act of tyranny its sparks catch and blaze anew.

Meanwhile, Lady of Liberty, gift of a freedom-loving people now enslaved, happy birthday to you! We rejoice that Liberty makes her home here with us. We shall see that her altars burn brightly, tend her fires, and keep her eternal vigil in our hearts.

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# Yoo-Hoo! have we got a Sissy Army

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ THIS draftee army of ours which now, by one vote of the House of Representatives, has to stick around the camps for another year and a half, isn't too sure about its soldiering.

It is impossible to ignore its intense dissatisfaction and its obvious lack of morale. It is astonishing to note how freely and fearlessly soldiers write to magazines and to congressmen complaining of the army. Such letters, of course, find their way into Liberty's page, This Man's Army; but I have before me, as I write, a clipping from another publication from a private which contains this paragraph:

"The army must be completely reorganized and dead timber among the officers ruthlessly purged. The General Staff must decide what the soldiers should learn and then plan a time schedule so they can learn it as quickly and thoroughly as possible. A large percentage of officers need to go to school to learn what and how to teach. Because they have known certain military subjects for years, they assume a draftee should pick it up from their grunts, shouts, groans, and curses that go among them by the name of teaching."

Sentiments like this are constantly appearing, particularly when the soldiers know that one reason they have to remain longer for their training is that there has been a lack of equipment to train them. Soldiers can be told, "Don't talk or Hitler will hear." But they do talk to their families and sweethearts and to their representatives in Congress and they are asking why they have to lose time when their buddies back home hold up equipment by going on strike.

When a peace-loving people like the Americans are told to be soldiers, they have to be aroused to intense moral indignation about something, or their morale won't stand up. In 1917, our soldiers were fighting mad. Today they are not. It is true that most Americans dislike Hitler and want to aid Great Britain and maybe China, but somehow they haven't got fighting mad. Maybe they ought to be, but all this talk about a war for democracy against the Nazi ideology strikes the average American young man as propagandistic bunk—particularly since Soviet Russia came in as an ally. How can anybody explain away Joe Stalin's kind of democracy? That is why the morale of our present army is low.

That explosion about General Lear and the he-men in our army who yoo-hooed some skirts on a golf course sounded funny. I wondered, like millions of other Americans, what kind of army this is, anyhow. Because from time immemorial it has been the special province of armies to yoo-hoo the lassies, also to stick out their proud chests for the girls to admire.

It struck me that there is something funny about this army, even without the ya-hoo. Who ever heard of an army that takes off its uniform at 5 P. M.? What! Are these fellows ashamed of their uniform? Who ever heard of officers sitting around in badly-fitting mufti when they ought to be wearing their chevrons and medals? And what's this about hostesses to see that the boys have the proper feminine influences in their lives? Is this a fighting army or just some more pampering of the public?

I suppose it's all a part of this new-fangled notion about a democratic citizen army. War is not and cannot be a democratic process. It is a stern rule that requires men implicitly to obey orders, even when the orders sound wrong. Surely no nation can afford to have an army that sends telegrams to senators and representatives every time it objects to something. An army must be sternly disciplined or it becomes a dangerous and corrupt mob. In some of the towns where camps are now situated the people are beginning to wonder. . . .

The only way an army can function is by breaking down human resistance to orders. I suppose most human beings have a bit of the sissy in them. When you see a grenade coming straight at you, instinct says, "Run for your life," but the colonel said, "Go over the top," and, by George, it's your job to go over the top.

But before men will feel that way they have to have a cause in which they believe with fiery anger, and they have to believe so completely in those who govern them, that life itself becomes secondary. An army has

to be hypnotized into obedience. You don't hypnotize soldiers by letting them walk around without uniforms, because a good soldier is proud of his uniform. It is the mark of his faith.

Yet the fact remains that too many of our present soldiers do not believe that their officers and the government behind the officers are doing the square thing by them. They regard themselves as pawns of politics. Why must soldiers go without pants to their uniforms because pants makers strike? How can you expect the soldier to get enthusiastic about a thing like that?

Our soldiers can read. They know what is going on. They watch this sluggish preparation for the national defense while they are wondering what they are to do with their time. They become truculent and irascible. And when soldiers are like that, their morale is low. What do you think is the reaction of a soldier to the report General Marshall made to the Secretary of War on July 3? General Marshall runs the army and if things ever get to the shooting stage, he will be boss. Read what he says:

"It [the draftee army] involved, in effect, a great experiment in democracy, a test of the ability of a government such as ours to prepare itself in time of peace against the ruthless and arbitrary action of other governments whose leaders take such measures as they see fit, and strike when and where they will with sudden and terrific violence."

Now, that kind of made me wonder what he meant. Surely, when General Sherman got going, it was to strike with "sudden and terrific violence." Also armies strike where they will. They never used to, in the old days, telephone the enemy and say, "We'll meet you in Bialystok on Thursday." And I hope that when this American army strikes, it will be ruthless.

I just couldn't figure why the general put that piece in his report, because surely the soldiers expect some day to go some place and blow the living hell out of somebody. That is what an army is for. And it need not apologize for its toughness. It has to be tough to be good. Or are the soldiers to believe that they are being kept in camp for exhibition purposes? Maybe that is why they seem so dissatisfied and irritable.

Then the general goes on to say what a lousy army he took over when he got his job. Let me quote him: "Within the United States we had no field army. There existed the mere framework of about three and one half square divisions approximately 50 per cent complete as to personnel and scattered among a number of army posts. There was such a shortage in motor transportation that divisional training was impracticable. There were virtually no corps troops, almost no army troops or G. H. Q. special troop units. . . . The Air Corps consisted of but sixty-two tactical squadrons. The funds which were authorized for training were less than 5 per cent of the annual War Department appropriations. As an army we were ineffective. Our equipment, modern at the conclusion of the World War, was now, in a large measure, obsolescent. In fact . . . continuous paring of appropriations had reduced the army virtually to the status of that of a third-rate Power."

According to him, we had rifles that were thirty-four years old. Well, I wondered why the army didn't tell us that about six years ago, when they must have known that Hitler was getting ready to conquer the world. And what must intelligent soldiers think when they are issued ancient equipment? I remember reading the report of a Congressional hearing back in 1931, when the army was still saying that the horse was O. K. Why, at that hearing, didn't the generals get up, and speak their piece? Why didn't they say then that if we didn't get

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

**Soldiers can be told "Don't talk or Hitler will hear." But they ARE talking—Who's to blame?**

busy and modernize our army, things would happen to us? Now they blame it all on Congress. For instance, General Marshall says:

"The fundamental obstacle . . . was the fact that the American people were unable to visualize the dangerous possibilities of the situation. *For example, as late as March of 1940 War Department estimates for a small number of replacement airplanes were cut by the House of Representatives to fifty-seven planes. An estimate of $12,000,000 for the development of a defensive force in Alaska was refused.*"

Well, why didn't the generals and colonels and the rest of them make a terrific stinkeroo about Congress letting the army down? The American people would have stood by the army to a man had they known the truth. Why did no one tell us the truth?

Of course, occasionally some general talked out of turn, like General Billy Mitchell, and they threw him out

*(Continued on page 65)*

ohn saw the black shawl
lung over the Spaniard's
ead, and a bright blade.

BY JOSEP

# The Rose

**"I'm the biggest fool!" said the young enticement in the black mantilla . . . Valiantly she proved it**

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

☆ AT noon a crystal flood of rain fell out of blue sky on Havana and as suddenly stopped. Instantly, it seemed to John Hargit, the wetness evaporated in a blazing white sunlight. He regarded both phenomena favorably—the rain had increased the dilapidated appearance of his clothes and the sun made a hot poultice for the pains of famished exhaustion. It was only a week since he had landed in Cuba! John was seated on a bench in the Paseo Ysabel outside the city wall; human riffraff occupied the benches on either hand; at his back the statue of Ysabel II, a Spanish queen, dominated island and people.

Only a week ago, John Hargit was reminded, he had landed with the American expedition under General Lopez to liberate Cuba from Spain's intolerable tyranny. A profound and weary scorn marred the traces of youth that remained on his haggard face. The invasion, actually a shrewd device to plant worthless shares on the credulous, resembled the brief violence of rain—in three days it had been annihilated. The crash of muskets that executed William Crockett and his band of volunteers at Altares Castle still echoed through John's mind.

But now even that horror was subdued by the dullness of his spent perceptions. A growing indifference to his precarious situation was suc-

ceeded by fitful slumber. John's head fell heavily forward and woke him up. One of the seated beggars, corroded by pellagra, asking in a harsh mutter for a cigarette emphasized the singular chance that had delayed his slaughter. Only the long employment in New Orleans, with the commission house of Casimir Penny's Sons, would have given him the easy knowledge of Spanish and the darkly tanned skin that made any survival possible after the supreme accident of his escape.

John Hargit interrupted the logic of events almost to regret the expedient that temporarily saved him. Probably more could be said for Colonel Crockett's peace than his own hopeless flight. Already its brief duration resembled a hideous eternity. Scarcely forty-eight hours ago he had stood close-guarded on the frigate Esperanza's deck while below attorneys for Spain paid a hasty lip service to the legality of butchering United States citizens out of hand. The Esperanza lay in Havana harbor, and when the diplomatic farce was done he had watched his companions rowed in lots of ten to the Altares landing and death.

When the time came for John Hargit to leave the frigate the murderous proceeding had become hurried and disorderly. The boatload of American volunteers was led without examination or sentence to a shambles that filled a continuous procession of open funeral carts. On the right a wide arid common was thronged by a vast rabble; the soldiers, in blue shirts, huge straw hats, held back the mob; but they were wholly unable to control the panic that swept a long string of charcoal-laden horses into a turmoil of frenzied hoofbeats and blinding dust.

The distracted horses broke through the cordon guarding the execution place, and in a clamor of shouts, ob-

# of Lima

jurgations, soldiers and prisoners alike snatched at half-seen rope halters and elusive manes. John Hargit was knocked breathless in the stampede, but a fortunate hold on a pack girth kept him from falling. The amazing consequences of that swift and momentous act, he acknowledged, owed nothing to presence of mind. A sheer instinct to avoid harm had fixed his grip on the horse that dragged him headlong into the obscure multitude of the common.

The shadow cast by the statue of Ysabel the Spaniard grew longer with the sun's decline, and the fashionable Cuban world appeared in carriages and on horse by the Monserrat Gate, over the Avenida del Prado, for its afternoon promenade. There was, John recognized, actually two worlds in the slow, brilliant procession—the fat ladies in lace and yellow diamonds, mounted caballeros and glittering officers of the aristocratic sphere, and exotic creatures from the realm of pleasure. They were easily identified by a rigidly correct demeanor and the presence of a duenna.

The carriages and gentlemen on horseback went around and around the Paseo del Ysabel, and in John's mind the procession of individuals flowed together in a stream of shifting and formless color. His lethargy, however, at last weighed so heavily on him that it stirred the embers of an innately stubborn vitality. After all, he was still alive! The Providence that had swept him to liberty among the throng beside the Altares wall deserved some support, a more resolute activity, from himself. Consequently he again reviewed every possibility of escaping the violent end that, if not today, tomorrow or the day after, must overtake him on Cuban soil. The possibilities were but two, and no amount of resolution could hide the fact that neither was open to him.

The American consul, a Mr. Owen, had not only retired prudently to the United States gunboat Albany, closing the consulate; he was in public agreement with the Albany's commander to deny all asylum to members of General Lopez' "piratical" venture. The alternative, flight on a vessel anywhere outside Spanish territory, was no better—he hadn't a dinero to repay the danger of assisting a fugitive. Hargit had seen about the city streets the green handbill that announced his escape and penalty of the garrote for harboring a "ferocious brigand" plotting the downfall of Spain's gracious Majesty over the Indies.

His attention, at that practically hopeless point in the consideration of his dilemma, was distracted by a young person of pleasure riding alone in one of the new and fashionable volantes—a chariot-like affair suspended between immense wheels with a leather hood that could be swung forward over its occupants. The volante was drawn by a pair of horses in tandem managed by a groom on the wheel horse; he was black and small in a tight green jacket with gilt braid open on a white waistcoat, immaculate white breeches; varnished boots had green tops; and a high silk hat, red on the brim's underside, bore a gilt cockade. But all that was nothing compared to the girl's unconventionally solitary state.

She admitted that singularity, it appeared to John, by the excessive remoteness of her especially fine profile. Only part of it was visible, since her brow was covered by the black lace mantilla that swept from a high shell comb over slender black-clad shoulders, her mouth concealed behind a rigidly held half-open fan. But the girl's nose and cheeks had the flawless quality of ivory perfectly carved. Her eyes were larger, blacker, than John Hargit thought it was reasonable for eyes to be.

Even with the horses in the promenade moving at a walk she was soon out of sight, leaving a vivid and baffling impression on John's mind. Among other things, it was impossible to determine the girl's nationality; at once pallid and dark, the fineness of her features owned an impassive hardness that, Oriental or primitive, showed no traces of volatile Cuban blood. There was a stir along the opposite side of Queen Ysabel's statue, and, turning, John Hargit saw that police commissioners, their canes official with green tassels, were questioning everybody on the circling benches.

The ravaged beggar spat and remarked that Havana was hopeless for a siesta. Spanish agents, it seemed, had kicked him awake before dawn in the Plaza de Armas for an interrogation repeated throughout the day from la Punta to the Barrio Colón. It might be thought, he asserted, that General Lopez had come back to life in the skin of a parched dogfish.

☆ JOHN HARGIT rose with an air of slow unconcern in which the will to survive only slightly exceeded his leaden weariness. The benches were set with their backs to the royal statue's wide pedestal, and it was possible that he had seen the inspectors in advance of any clear view of himself. Beyond a narrow strip of sod the ladies in carriages and gentlemen on horse, the prim-appearing girls, were departing—the promenade was at an end. Moving forward, he narrowly escaped the lumbering passage of an antique coach, and a mounted officer, brilliant as a parakeet, lashing at him with a riding whip, left a burning welt across John's visage. He stumbled, cursing weakly, and blankly gazed into the pitying countenance of the young enticement in a black mantilla; a bright mouth and resolute chin no longer hidden by her fan. The impulse that swept John Hargit into the volante, resembling the whole strangeness of his desperate adventure, was supported by a fatalistic calm.

"I'm the American with the Lopez expedition who escaped a firing squad," he informed her evenly. "We came to free Cuba from the Spaniards. They told us in New Orleans that the Cubans wanted to be free. It was a lie that caught the money of fools."

The groom turned sharply and pulled in his horses, but the girl petulantly cried at him to keep on. There was a guardhouse at the Mon-

serrat Gate, she reminded the black boy and John Hargit.

Of course, he thought; naturally; nothing else could be expected. At the same time all his firmness drained away; he sagged down against the girl's strongly upright body. It was the only reality in a world without substance, the dissolved world of a dream. He vaguely realized that a scented handkerchief had been pressed to his slashed and bleeding face.

"Sit up," she said decidedly; "already enough people are watching us. Try not to make me completely ridiculous."

"Naturally," John Hargit repeated; "of course." He sat up with a hopeless effort to make his presence in the volante seem reasonable. The high white pilasters of the city gate were immediately before them when an enveloping gloom, a hushed and celestial privacy, closed around him. The half-folded leather hood, dragged quickly forward, practically shut the volante's interior from public view. The girl spoke hurriedly to the groom.

"Go without stopping to Gloria Street. It's useless," she had turned to John Hargit; "I'm the biggest fool there is; but that detestable Spaniard!" Every Spaniard, all Spain were execrated with an appalling phrase. "I wouldn't give you up," she told herself rather than John; "not to them." The admission that followed had a dignified simplicity. "I am not living privately. The Mamacita's very particular about company. A friend to generals and fine gentlemen in lavender gloves." The volante clattered loudly through the narrow paved streets of Havana. The girl was lost in thought. "Perhaps if you were my cousin from Peru," she finally suggested.

"My cousin Cornelio," she went swiftly on; "Mamacita would understand that. No one could see you and not believe it. You'd be safe a little while in my room. A glass of wine. Who knows," she demanded, "that St. Rose of Lima won't save you by her miraculous grace? Your Spanish will do for South America and I'm Ofelia."

☆ THE volante stopped outside a door on a blind wall, the groom stood at the lead horse's head, a slide opened behind bars, and a bolt was drawn. The shallow salon that received John Hargit was already washed by lamplight, chairs of gilded wood with white lace covers on their maroon upholstery were ranged stiffly against the walls. The inner partition was largely glass frosted with a sweeping design of palm fronds, and there was a constant muted rhythm of invisible guitars. A small woman in yellow satin spread on hoops and tall silver-gilt comb interrupted a polite salutation to observe John Hargit's disreputable appearance. She was old, with a face that resembled dark and pitted wood, but her gaze had the vital glitter of jet and her voice an unexpected and lively resonance.

"For example," she asked Ofelia, "from what cesspool did you recover that one?"

"It's Cornelio," the girl replied with a defiant air; "from Peru and my mother's nephew. As you noticed, he's been unfortunate. Some word of my family, Mamacita, then with a peseta and a glass of wine he'll be gone."

"If I ever saw a crocodile, it's your mother's nephew. A reunion as of reptiles. Felipe," the woman addressed a stolid servant who had unbolted the door, "sweep out this spittle and rags."

"Cornelio," Ofelia reiterated icily, "is my cousin in the first degree. I must hear about my home and start him back refreshed with enough in his pocket for bread and soup."

"Felipe, the broom," the Mamacita said inexorably.

John Hargit's hasty assertion that he would spare his cherished Ofelia further difficulty by leaving at once, was stopped by what he saw in her face, mainly the fact that retreat was impossible. He was fascinated by the elemental fury transforming Ofelia's countenance, her young beauty, into the aboriginal mask of a viper. Within its coppery triangle her eyes were opaque and her mouth a darkly welded line.

A knife, thin like a willow leaf, had appeared from a swirl of skirt and her garter.

☆ THE old woman in yellow satin opposed the steel with nothing more lethal than a long black cigar. Mamacita deliberately flooded her lungs with smoke that, expelled, rose bluely to the ceiling. There was a space of precarious silence; then John Hargit saw the girl's lips quiver; the rigidity of her body slackened; the knife vanished. Ofelia said calmly:

"With us family pride is perhaps a fault."

"At least a peccadillo," the Mamacita agreed dryly. "Here," she produced a small leather moneybag from the circumference of her hoops, "is a peso for his journey. You will assist General Migoyo de Toledo y Rojas to empty more bottles in the courtyard."

"I am no beggar," John asserted promptly. "Yourself, my dear Ofelia, said pride was a family possession. I'll never eat the bread and soup of female charity."

He met the woman's jetlike gaze with what he trusted was an air of candor. "Naturally," she said after a long scrutiny, "you are not the girl's cousin. That gammon about pride! Señor," she was suddenly ingratiating, "why did you come here with Ofelia? It wasn't, God knows, for pleasure. You are hungry, starved maybe, but it's not hunger. Would it be imprudent to suggest that you find it needful to avoid the authorities? Honorable men in Cuba are matching their lives against the Spanish rule. I have seen those who lost endure the iron collar. A heart still beats in the Mamacita, and who knows the assistance a word or nod from her would secure?"

A scented handkerchief was pressed to his bleeding face.

"Who indeed?" Ofelia echoed her. "But that means nothing to poor Cornelio's innocent mind." She paused and carelessly supplied a snatch of song for the undertone of guitars. "It's better at the Tacón Theater," she declared, "where even the ballet is acknowledged to have cousins. I shall return to the life of an artiste."

"Indeed again," the Mamacita robustly said. "What, for example, becomes of a considerable matter at the hairdresser's? Am I to present the cause of art with finery that stands against you at the modiste's?"

"I owe you nothing!" the girl cried indignantly.

It was a question, the other unexpectedly agreed, open to adjustment. "Perhaps," she smoothly continued, "I have been hasty. In heaven's name hear this variety of cousin and let him depart."

After Ofelia had closed the courtyard door behind them she laid a tense hand on John Hargit's arm. "When Mamacita calls on heaven," Ofelia said, "the answer comes from hell."

☆ DAY in the courtyard had turned to dusk, and the servant Felipe was lighting ornamental lanterns fixed on iron brackets to enclosing white walls. The pavement was white marble and scattered over it were floral iron benches, chairs, and tables. A large circular table was occupied by Spanish officers and girls. After a moment of silent astonishment, they hailed John Hargit's arrival with a loud storm of derisive comment and applause. That chorus, however, was ignored by an officer who rose more clearly to observe the deliberate insolence and

grace of Ofelia's bearing. With every incentive to escape attention, John Hargit yet had time for the probable fact that the officer was General Migoyo de Toledo y Rojas. The general's face was long and brown, with a drooping and sultry lower lip, a mustache thin, distinct, like a pen mark of India ink. He wore the ribbons of numerous decorations on a white tunic looped with gilt cord, a dragoon's tight scarlet pantaloons, immaculate boots and glittering spurs.

Ofelia proceeded to a row of similar heavy oak doors; she entered a dark interior; and when a lamp had been lighted, a wooden bar settled across the door, she turned with an expression of acute concern.

"After all, I've only helped to kill you," Ofelia asserted.

"You said we must hope for the miraculous," he reminded her inattentively, gazing about the room. It was small and bare against the tropical heat, with a floor of red tiles, whitewashed walls, and, higher than John Hargit's shoulder, a rectangular window protected by a frame of stout iron bars and padlock. A bed's headboard was decorated with faded silver stars on the azure firmament; there was a cedar washstand, crockery bowl and pitcher in a corner; a low chest of drawers, holding a mirror and feminine litter, that plainly served for dressing table. A narrow slat-back chair and cowhide trunk completed the furnishings; but on the calcimined wall a serenely painted saint in a crumbling frame gave the whole room an air of irrational peace.

The Rose of Lima, John Hargit told himself, gazing at a virginal figure that floated high in radiant space above desolate mountains. A golden disk illuminated the hushed pallor of her face, and at the hem of a silver brocaded skirt her feet were childlike in satin slippers.

"I've killed you," Ofelia repeated harshly.

"It was no safer in the Paseo Ysabel," he assured her. "Probably I can still leave with no more than snickers in the courtyard and the toe of Felipe's boot." His determination collapsed. "Hell!" John Hargit exclaimed. "What about you?"

"About me," she answered violently, "don't concern yourself. This is not a quadrille. You might get past the Spaniards."

"I don't like it," he continued stubbornly; "those sultry devils—"

☆ SHE stopped him with the venomous obscenity of a spitting cat. Among other things, Ofelia cried at him that he had never shared the bravery of men but counted on girls for protection. She flashed across the room, and John Hargit barely had time to keep her from dragging aside the bar at the door. He crushed Ofelia against him, and a struggle of ridiculous violence followed; she managed to tear open a cheek and bite his wrist; but the hopeless contention was abruptly ended by a clear and decided knock on the door.

Ofelia wilted in his arms. "Oh," she said, her voice small and stricken. They listened with suspended breath to a summons at once polite and touched by dangerous humor.

"General Rojas," it announced, "presents himself to Miss Ofelia. A glance in the courtyard inspired him with the happy necessity to kiss her hand."

Ofelia stood rigidly; her wary hardness had returned, Hargit saw; his gaze went to the barred window. He moved the chest of drawers to a position that enabled him to reach the padlock, but it held beyond any power John Hargit managed to exert. Wrenches and twisting merely bruised his fingers.

"I am not," the general's tone became even blander, "a patient man. That is for your cousin of the first degree to consider."

Ofelia said tonelessly, "Hell is answering Mamacita."

John Hargit grimly nodded. He returned to the padlock, and a stir of unintelligible voices outside was abruptly pierced by the Mamacita's calculated entreaty. "Ofelia," she demanded, "open the door before the gentlemen have it in splinters! You'd pay heavily for that. Come, palomita, send off this unseasonable relative and we'll have a gala with free wine."

"All along," Ofelia shouted with angry vigor, "that's the most I wanted! Now I'm not certain that poor Cornelio's safe."

"A member of your family can depend on our generosity," General Migoyo de Toledo y Rojas answered enigmatically. "We reserve the impatience for rivals in beauty's favor. Those and mercenary saviors from the north."

"You have been turned against Cornelio and won't believe me," she wailed.

☆ JOHN HARGIT struggled with the iron grille and nearly lost his footing—the bolts that held an upper hinge had come out of crumbling holes in the wall. He flung all his weight against the remaining hinge. It held inexorably.

There was a violent impact of shoulders against the door. A new voice cried, "Set a guard for a week if necessary and accept the pleasures of tonight."

The general's reply reached John Hargit without losing a shade of its epicurean contempt. The major, Rojas declared, showed an easier accommodation than became a Castilian officer and grandee. In the conversation that followed, arsenal was the only audible word. John wrenched desperately at the hasp of the padlock that kept the window impassable. The miracle, he told Ofelia, was overdue.

Frowning, he watched her kneel beneath the tranquil vision in the sky with her arms raised and hands pressed tensely against the wall. Ofelia's tall comb and mantilla, torn away in their brief violence, lay on the floor, and John realized that from hips to throat she was skillfully wrapped in a shawl of black fringed silk with a great yellow rose worked on the back.

A knock on the door resounding with the finality of an ultimatum brought the girl to her feet. John Hargit stood on the chest of drawers above Ofelia, listening with the strained attention of the deaf. Once more it was the general, but the lightly satirical manner of his dis-

*(Continued on page 32)*

# Wha

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ THERE is not a city anywhere in the world that is not now—at this moment—vulnerable to bombing attacks from the air. The bombs are ready. The planes capable of carrying them across an ocean and returning nonstop have long been ready.

In war or in peace, in your lifetime or your grandchildren's, blanket insurance in the form of some sort of waiting machinery with which to protect civilians in our large cities against air raids is going to be both wise and necessary. Protection of our civilians is not "for the duration"; it is a permanent precaution, here to stay.

For this (and all future wars) is *your* war, mister!

What's to be done about it? More pertinently, what are we doing at home about today's war of bombs dropped on noncombatants—bombs that in England have claimed 20,000 civilian lives—nearly 7,000 of them in one month (September of 1940, the month of massed raids) alone?

The wealth of information contained in reports from bomb-blasted London will help shape our defense here at home, will help supply answers to questions which, so far, have plagued many thoughtful and apprehensive Americans:

How valuable are public and private shelters? What safeguards can be taken against demolition bombs? How can incendiaries be extinguished? What is the danger of epidemics? Where is the safest place to wait out an air raid? Are subways of value during an air raid? What is the effect of continual bombardment upon public morale? Will evacuation of big cities be necessary?

How do our plans for civilian defense in America shape up?

Until quite recently those plans were eager but sprawling and uncoordinated. Civilian defense in a country of 132,000,000 is a gigantic job of planning—of organization and education. The reports from London were not yet available and the project was not one to be rushed into haphazardly.

Certain steps could be taken. In the summer of 1940, in central and upper New York State, a civilian air-raid "spotter" system, supervised by the army, was tried out. Another test, incorporating refinements employed in Britain's spotting system as observed at first hand in England by Major General James E. Chaney, chief of Northeastern Air Defense, was tried in this country early in 1941. Covering four states, employing 10,000 civilian spotters, the test worked so successfully that six out of seven "attacks" on New York were promptly repelled.

By this year's end a civilian network of enemy plane spotters will be guarding our coastal areas, east and west. Present plans call for a Civilian Aircraft Warning System comprising 500,000 men and women drawn largely from the ranks of the American Legion and its auxiliaries.

Throughout America in early 1941 the eagerness of civilians to participate actively in home defense grew rapidly. A Gallup poll showed that 67 per cent of those questioned were willing to spend an hour each day training for home guard, nursing, first-aid work, ambulance driving, or other activity.

By late spring, in almost every state

in the Union, Defense Councils sprang into being. In towns and hamlets Civil Emergency Committees arose. Questionnaires were sent out by city fathers inquiring into the recipient's citizenship, health, occupation, special training, how many people he could accommodate in his residence in case of emergency, and what equipment—available for emergency use—he possessed.

The American Women's Voluntary Services, organized in January, quickly spread to half the states in the Union, began training women in sixty-two defense subjects under supervision of army, navy, and public officials. The Red Cross began training 300,000 more women, while the Federation of Women's Clubs and other women's organizations offered courses—all important to passive defense—to its members.

It was estimated recently that women are enrolling in passive defense courses at the astounding rate of 1,000 a day. They are learning to drive ambulances, to give first aid, to repair motors, to teach flying, to read maps, rig parachutes, spot air raids, carry messages, fight fires, and manage units dealing with nutrition and care of the injured and of children.

In the passive defense of a country at war today there is an active role for every physically able person.

What will your role be?

Many an American eager to play a part in civilian defense has asked himself that question. The answer can best be obtained from the officials in charge of the civil defense or emergency committee in the city or town in which you live. Operating under the Council of Defense headed by the governor of your state, your local organization is a part of the framework of the national Office of Civilian Defense established in May of 1941 by President Roosevelt and headed by Civilian Defense Director Fiorello LaGuardia.

The Office of Civilian Defense is a sensible and sound organization, availing itself of machinery already waiting. It will transmit orders and instructions to the Defense Councils in each state, headed by the governor of the state, who will in turn see that the orders reach the officials of the smallest hamlet—who head up the local defense boards.

The education of you, the public, will follow shortly. On governmental and municipal printing presses at this very moment are educational pamphlets designed to tell *you* what to do and how to protect yourself and your home in the event of an air raid. These instructions will offer advice that it will be well to remember against the day when—and if—the first bomb drops.

This article is not intended to anticipate authentic information which shortly will be placed before you. It can, however, stress certain precautions which were unanimously emphasized by officials concerned with various phases of passive defense in New York City during interviews with them.

If there is one cardinal rule to remember in the event of an air raid, it is simply this: "Be calm!"

Your government is doing and will do everything in its power to protect you. There are certain things it cannot do. The tragedy of London's 20,000 dead has, ironically, been something of a blessing to us. We have learned, without being bombed, what it means to be bombed. We have obtained a wealth of vital technical information of prime importance to this country in the event of an enemy air raid.

Much of our casual thinking about air raids is going to need realistic revision. Suppose we take New York City, number one target for an enemy air raid, as an example.

Why, it might be asked, doesn't our government immediately begin the construction of huge public shelters into which—together with the subways—the civil population could duck at the first warble of an air-raid alarm?

The answer is simple. To do that, the government would have to rebuild the entire city of New York and house its seven and a half million people not less than eighty feet underground—an obvious impossibility. New York's subways—with the possible exception of a few points along the line—will be worse than useless in the event of a bombing attack. Too near the surface! Further, the proximity of gas, water, and electric mains and conduits might, if a direct hit did not kill them first, threaten those in a subway with asphyxiation, drowning, or electrocution. Still further, any concentration of civilians anywhere during an air raid means a terrific casualty toll in the event of a direct bomb hit.

London, with a population greater than New York City's, provides public shelters for only 30,000 of its citizens. Public morale deteriorates rapidly underground. Sanitation tends to be bad. Epidemics in any massed center of population are a constant danger.

Any vision, then, of huge numbers of "bombproof" shelters can be discarded at once. Londoners are using their shelters (even private shelters) less and less as the war goes on. In a winter climate more temperate than ours, they suffer constantly from "shelter colds."

For owners of one-family homes it is likely that some sort of air-raid shelter will eventually be placed on the market here in America that will cost, probably, about $250. It is extremely unlikely that it will be literally bombproof. The chief protection afforded by an inexpensive shelter comparable to the Anderson-type shelter used in England is protection from two other effects of a modern demolition bomb—blast and fragmentation.

The terrific air concussion taking place when a heavy demolition bomb explodes can, of itself, kill an unprotected human being.

Fragmentation (the shattering of the bomb's metal case) sends a hail of steel splinters at rifle-shot velocity in all directions. These fragments can pierce brick and concrete walls, cause fatalities up to 200 yards. Against these disastrous effects of a demolition bomb comparatively inexpensive

(*Continued on page 34*)

# ou Can Do For Civilian Defense

**God willing, the air-raid sirens will never sound in America. But if they do, remember—The greatest danger is YOU!**

## Cool and untouched . . yet helplessly in love. Are there women like that?

## BY FAITH BALDWIN

☆ DR. THERON LEWIS, assistant to Dr. Allen, a famous New York obstetrician, and married to Lydia, Dr. Allen's selfish and spoiled daughter, gets Jenny Barton a job in the Lister Memorial Hospital, in which he does much of his work. Jenny is the granddaughter of old Dr. Barton, who until his death practiced in Ron's home town. Jenny becomes friendly with Lydia, whom she likes in spite of the fact that she envies her Ron's love. For Jenny, after a long struggle, has at last admitted to herself that she is in love with Ron.

Lydia and Ron live with Dr. Allen, whose bad heart has forced him to turn more and more of his work over to his son-in-law. Ron is kept busy, and Lydia is restless, and resentful of the demands his work makes upon him. She has become very friendly with Amabell Jarvis, a fashionable, brittle woman of forty. Amabell's brother, Timothy Wilson, is paying marked attention to Lydia, and Dr. Allen throws out a veiled warning to his son-in-law when Ron comes down to the Allen place at Southampton on the fourth anniversary of his and Lydia's marriage. Ron, however, pays scant attention. He trusts his beautiful wife, even though he realizes that she is cold and selfish. His biggest disappointment is that she has refused to have a child. Before he leaves, however, something crops up which really worries him. Going into Lydia's room early in the morning, he finds her sleeping heavily. On her bedside table is a glass that smells of whisky. Is she drinking in secret? He plans to question her, but the next week, when she makes one of her brief trips to town, she looks so clear-eyed and lovely that he tells himself he must have been mistaken.

### PART FIVE—"I'M NO GOOD, RON, AS A WIFE"

☆ WHEN, chic as tomorrow's fashion show, Amabell Jarvis walked into Ron's office a few days after Lydia's brief excursion to town, Ron was not particularly astonished. After her various opening gambits like a trial balloon—accompanied by a completely expressionless countenance, the dead-pan approach; and of the physical foray of her personal terpsichorean technique, majoring in measured intimacy. This entertained her partner considerably—possibly, as he admitted to himself, because his personal chemistry remained unaffected. Definitely, Amabell was not his type.

He was busy when she arrived at the office, and it pleased him to keep her waiting. When she was admitted to the consultation room by a somewhat disapproving Miss Watson, he observed that all her appointments were in order . . . except one. She admitted this at once.

"I didn't telephone for an appointment," she said, "as I was perfectly sure you wouldn't give me one."

He said ruefully, "Professional men—doctors, lawyers, ministers—are always available. But I am quite sure that you are in no need of my particular type of service."

"How kind—to give me the benefit of the doubt." Her long brilliant eyes danced. She added, "I'm really not well at all. I'm not sleeping; my appetite is poor."

He doubted that, listening.

"I'm jumpy," she went on, "my disposition is dreadful, and I'm bored."

Ron said after a moment, "I could recommend an excellent internist—or perhaps . . ." He regarded her speculatively. Let her have it, he thought, both barrels. He added, "Let me see. You are, I suppose, forty—"

Amabell demonstrated that she was "jumpy." She said reproachfully, "That's not very chivalrous. Thirty-nine."

Forty-two, thought Ron. Aloud he said: "I would suggest one of my colleagues. Gary Williams—he's extremely competent."

Amabell laughed suddenly. She said, "All right, colonel, I'll come down. There isn't a thing the matter with me, really. I just wanted to see you again. As you have remarked, doctors have no protection from predatory females. They are always available. Why I came—"

"Indeed," he murmured, "why?"

"You're impossible. Will you take me to lunch . . . or don't you eat?"

He said, with slight regret, "Not today . . . I'm afraid."

"Some other time . . .?" She leaned toward him across the desk. "Why don't you arrange to come down to the island more often?"

He answered, smiling, "My time is hardly my own—as the race isn't reproduced with any consideration of leisurely week-ends. Babies aren't interested in overtime, Sundays, or holidays, Mrs. Jarvis."

She said mournfully, "You might manage Amabell—although it's a silly name, isn't it? After all, I am Lydia's best friend."

One of many . . . a bright parade, a succession.

"Amabell," he agreed. He wrote something on a prescription blank and held it toward her. She took it, and looked not at it but at him.

"What's this?"

"The doctor I mentioned. Just in case."

She said, "You are determined to keep this call on a strictly business basis?"

"Naturally."

"You'll even send me a bill?"

"Of course," he said, without smil-

such a move was both conventional and indicated.

At the club, after the anniversary dinner, he had danced with her several times. Gyrating solemnly around the crowded floor, endeavoring to keep his mind on his feet, he had observed, with detached amusement, Amabell's method of attack.

It consisted of conversational reconnaissance—the provocative phrase,

ing. "I assume that Miss Watson has taken your—"

"A complete dossier," she broke in, and regarded him with open pleasure. Attractive, wary, hard to get. "I should be very angry with you," she said, "but I'm not. I'll pay your bill, and I'll do you a favor in return. Good for evil. If I were you, I'd neglect my profession more and my wife less."

His face hardened and changed. He said, "I believe you advised something similar the other night."

She said complacently: "I got under your skin, didn't I? Touché. That's something. I am fond of Timothy—he is my only close relative—but I have no illusions about him. He usually gets all he wants. At present he is quite desperately in love with Lydia."

"One cannot blame him," Ron remarked evenly.

She said vigorously: "I could slap you! Are you really civilized—or perhaps so indifferent? If indifferent, then of course it doesn't matter; I am wasting my time as well as yours. Timothy's chief interest lies in pretty women—married women, I might add. He has no desire for personal domesticity. More than one deluded husband has permitted his palpitating wife to divorce him in order to marry Timothy, but somehow when the term in Reno or Idaho was over Timothy had disappeared. He always sends orchids and a regretful note."

Ron pressed a button and spoke into the contrivance on his desk. He inquired of Miss Watson if there were any patients in the reception room and she informed him that there were two.

He said, "I'm sorry, but I have appointments."

Amabell rose. Her black linen suit resisted creases; her black sailor, set far back on her head, revealed a smooth red pompadour and was augmented by impossible turquoise-colored birds. She drew on her gloves, and silver-and-turquoise bracelets clashed on her thin wrists.

"You're stubborn," she said—"and

He said, "You interest me and attract me very much. Because obvious and ready women don't."

riding, I may add, for a fall. You can't expect a girl like Lydia to sit home and twiddle her thumbs."

"It's a shocking picture," he agreed, and rose to escort her to the door. He opened it for her and said, "I hope you find your insomnia a temporary inconvenience."

She made a hideous face at him, to the astonishment of an approaching Miss Watson, and left. He said, "Just a minute, Miss Watson. I'll ring."

That meant, Give me a moment before you send Mrs. Hallam in. He sat down at his desk, and was amazed to find that he was sweating. Amabell Jarvis no longer amused him. It would have been a privilege to wring her neck. But why, he wondered, this elaborate warning? Did she really have any feeling for Lydia? Was she less fond of her brother than she professed? Or, he inquired without vanity, was she trying to discover the exact extent of his vulnerability?

The door opened, and he looked up, frowning. He had not rung. But it was merely Amabell again, with, in the background, the protesting face of both the Misses Watson, a sort of starched Greek chorus.

She said, "I came back because I forgot to tell you that the other night Lydia picked Tim up at the club and drove him down to the island."

The door closed and she vanished. Ron's mouth set—a hard firm line. He rang for Miss Watson, and she appeared, unusually voluble.

"I'm sorry," she began; "I—"

He said, "That's all right. Send Mrs. Hallam in, will you?"

☆ RON saw Mrs. Hallam and another patient, had luncheon sent in—a sandwich, a bottle of milk—and then went to the hospital. While he was there an emergency call reached him, and he went uptown immediately, to find his patient manifesting a sudden alarming rise in blood pressure. By the time he had her in the hospital it was late afternoon, and he returned to the office conscious of an unusual sense of fatigue.

Twenty-four hours would determine things; for if, after rest in bed, a milk diet, and other measures, Mrs. Young's blood pressure continued to rise, the suspicions of impending eclampsia would be strengthened. She would be far better off in the hospital under constant observation, he had assured her distracted husband, summoned from the office . . . It was probable that she would respond to treatment, the blood pressure would subside, and that eventually she could return home and wait, under careful watching, the termination of her pregnancy. He wished he could assure himself as readily. He dreaded these cases.

He went to the apartment shortly before dinnertime. He might, he thought, go to the club or perhaps stay at home and read. He'd look in at the hospital before going to bed.

At seven thirty, just sitting down to dinner cooked and served by the manservant Lydia had engaged to look after him with the departure of the regular staff for Southampton, the telephone rang.

"What is it, Andy?"

Andy, small, stooped, efficient, reported that Miss Barton was on the wire.

"Good heavens," said Ron, horrified, and went to the telephone.

Jenny said, "Ron? I thought I'd better phone. Did you just get in?"

This was the night they were to dine together. She was to have met him at Henri's. He said, stricken, "My dear child—are you at Henri's? How long have you been waiting?"

"Only half an hour. You've been held up, I suppose."

He said, "I'll be right there—"

He went back to the dining room to tell Andy that he must go on out. "No, no dinner," he said. "Sorry—I forgot an engagement."

Andy, thinking of chops and salad, sighed. But he was by now accustomed to the vagaries of this household.

☆ ARRIVING at Henri's, Ron found Jenny sitting on the leather bench waiting for him without the obvious patience which infuriates a man because it reproaches him. He asked, taking her hands, "Can you ever forgive me?"

"Of course." They went into the dining room and had a table against the wall. She said, smiling, "Don't look so abject, Ron. I assumed you'd been held up."

He said contritely, "Jenny—I forgot. That's all there was to it."

Jenny laughed. She said, "All right; so you forgot. But I reminded you, and here we are." She added, "You look terribly tired. Had a hard day?"

"Not really." He smiled at her in relief. "You're very unlike most women," he said, "and perhaps I paid you a greater compliment by not lying to you."

She said seriously, "I would hate it if you lied to me, Ron."

They had their dinner; talked of the hospital, of Lydia. It was Jenny who spoke of her first. She said, her smooth brows drawn, "I'm worried about her."

"Why?" asked Ron, lighting a cigarette and ordering more coffee.

"She's terribly restless."

"So her father says. What am I to do about it, Jenny?" he asked.

She shook her dark head. "I wish I knew," she answered.

"I'm at a loss," he told her. "The only advice I have received—and it was quite gratuitous—is to neglect her less. Just how that is to be accomplished," he added, "I haven't the faintest idea."

She said, "If only she could find some interest with which to occupy herself—"

"Good works?" asked Ron wryly. "Civic duties? Fund raising for this and that charity for war relief? But she does, my dear, sporadically. She works hard. She has a genius for organization, for driving herself and other people. Of course she overdoes it, wears herself out. Her enthusiasm wears out too, and she drops it until next time. That's Lydia, and as far as I can see nothing can be done about it."

Jenny said, "I know . . ." She looked at him with the frank regard of established friendship. She said, "If only she'd have a child—"

"She doesn't want children." He laughed, without amusement. "Funny, isn't it," he added, "when you think how my days are spent?"

Jenny said slowly: "She's afraid. Ron, have you ever considered suggesting that you—adopt a child?"

"That's ridiculous," he said strongly, "as there isn't any reason why we shouldn't—"

"I know," she interrupted, "but if she won't? She might consider an adoption . . . and if she became interested in and attached to the baby, then perhaps she would come to want one of her own."

"Rather hard on the first one," he asked, "isn't it?"

"I don't think so, not if she became really fond of it," said Jenny. "I haven't any right to talk like this, Ron—only I'm so fond of you both."

She believed that.

He said, "Sounds crazy to me. I don't know, though—perhaps there's something in it. I'll think it over."

The more he thought about it the better he found himself liking it. If Lydia experienced vicarious motherhood, without pain, without danger, if she grew devoted to her adopted baby, sufficiently so to care for the child herself, and if, through growing intimacy with it, she perceived its helplessness, its innocent dependence upon her, might not that lead her, as Jenny had suggested, to the natural longing for a child of her own body?"

This was not something you could discuss during one of her hurried, appointment crowded visits to town. He would wait until he had a few free days and could go down to the island and talk to her about it.

He thought, his heart warm with gratitude toward Jenny Barton, It might be the solution of everything.

☆ HE was able to get away over the Fourth, and to be with Lydia for a long week-end. He found her very busy with a house party, planned festivities at the club and elsewhere. Timothy Wilson and his sister were much in evidence. Ron thought, wearily, that he had scarcely a moment to himself, to be alone, to be with Lydia or his father-in-law. Cocktails at some one's house, luncheon at one place, afternoon somewhere else, more cocktails, evenings taken up with this activity or that.

It wasn't until his last evening there that he was able to talk with her.

Before dinner, and with the usual mob coming in, he said, going into her room, where she was lying on the chaise longue: "Lydia . . . I'm leaving tomorrow, and we've scarcely had a moment together."

She murmured, her eyes hidden from him by the cotton pads soaked

with witch hazel: "Your fault—you know how it is over the Fourth . . ."

"All fireworks," he agreed. "But I want so much to talk with you . . ."

She said, "Tomorrow, then."

"Now. I'm leaving early, before you're up. Lydia, I insist—"

It was a tone he rarely used with her—hardly, he reflected, a tone which would successfully precede the discussion he was determined to begin. Yet it was one to which she usually responded.

She said, "When you speak like that there's no use . . ." She leaned aside to remove the pads and put them to soak in a bowl of ice and lotion. Her face glistened faintly with cream, and her feet were higher than her head, a pillow under her slender hips and her bare feet elevated.

He said, "I've been thinking . . . would you consider the adoption of a child, Lydia?"

Now she sat bolt upright and stared at him. She said, "I never heard of such a crazy idea!"

"I know it," he agreed. "It is lunatic. Because there's no earthly reason why you shouldn't have one of your own."

☆ LYDIA rearranged herself and took up the pads. She said: "That again. I haven't changed my mind, Ron. I won't. Not now. Not yet—not for a long time."

"Perhaps," he said, "you mean never."

"Perhaps I do," she told him.

He said, "Lydia, when we first discussed this, you gave as your reasons for your reluctance that we were young, that there was plenty of time, that you wished to be with me . . ."

"It isn't my fault that I can't be, Ron, and you know it."

Well, there was no use going into that, he thought grimly. He said aloud: "If, as I think, it is because you are afraid—"

"What if I am?" she demanded. "At least I'm honest about it. I loathe illness and disfigurement; I can't endure pain; I *won't.*"

He said gently, "If, then, you adopted a baby, Lydia, you would be neither ill nor disfigured nor in pain."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, "There's no use, Ron. I can't imagine anything I'd want to do less."

He rose and moved across the room to stand beside her, looking down on the small flawless figure wrapped in a single sheath of silk, at the tumbled fair curls and the glowing skin glistening with cold cream, the broad, unlined forehead. Her face was strange to him with the eyes hidden.

She shook her head restlessly under his silent regard, and the pads slipped off. She opened her eyes and stared at him. Then she smiled and put out her hand, and he took it in his.

"I'm no good, Ron, as a wife," she said. "I'd make a worse mother. I don't suppose there's any good my telling you that I love you. Because I do, no matter what I do or say or how little I seem to. I wish I didn't! It would be so much easier—"

"What would be easier?" he asked.

"Oh, everything," she said vaguely. "Will you go away and let me rest?"

He stooped and kissed her, and for an instant her arms went around him and she held him closely. Only for an instant. Releasing him, she said, laughing: "I told Jenny not long ago that you married the wrong woman. You should have married her, or some one like her. One of these noble, sacrificial, understanding females, strong, silent, and efficient. Who'd sit home and wait for you, and have dozens of babies to inflate your ego—"

"So you think that's why—" he began.

"Of course," she said.

He said, "Possibly you're right. Men

**"Now I'll need some caramels to get the coconut out of my teeth."**

aren't born with the paternal instinct, as a rule. It's acquired. Perhaps their pleasure in paternity is a mere extension of the ego. I wouldn't know. But I do believe that in our case I am not being egotistic. I really believe that you would be happier, Lydia, and that our marriage would have some meaning."

She said slowly, "Hasn't it now?"

He was silent for a moment. Then he said, "No. . . . But it has taken me four years to realize it."

She watched him walk away, saw the communicating door close. She lay very still, thinking.

He hadn't given her what she had wanted of him—his full time, his complete attention. Her father had warned her before her marriage. He had said, "Never forget you are marrying a man whose profession must come first—if he's worth his salt, Lydia." But she had counted upon herself—and herself had failed her.

Why in heaven's name was she still in love with him? she wondered angrily. Was it because she could not possess him? His surface surrender to her demands—the apartment, for instance, as a case in point—both pleased and irritated her. Pleased her because she had her own way, irritated her because he was easy to manage. Yet there were other surrenders which she had not forced, could never force.

She remembered something Amabell had said to her once.

"Women like us interest men and infuriate them," Amabell had said—"drive them a little crazy. But we don't hold them, Lydia—not the ones we'd like to hold. We're not the type."

"What type does?"

"As a rule," said Amabell, "the maternal. You're not, and I'm not. Of course," said Amabell thoughtfully, "I've one string to my bow which—apparently—you lack."

"And that is—?"

But Amabell laughed. She said, "Think it over."

Amabell, so legend ran, had had half a dozen lovers.

Lydia could recall how smug she had felt, how complacent, how cool and untouched. She loved that vision of herself—woman in marble, eternally virginal and remote. It made her feel immensely superior to the women she knew who lost their heads, who sacrificed their integrity, who permitted and gloried in their abasement. Women blatantly in love—that sort of love—with their husbands; women like Amabell, always pursuing some man, not just for the excitement and danger and pleasure of it, but in order to relinquish their own common sense, their weapons, their freedom.

Timothy, driving down to the island with her, had suggested that she had never really been in love.

"And what about Ron?"

He had dismissed Ron, laughed a little.

"You're very much mistaken," she assured him.

"You thought you loved him," he explained; "perhaps you still think so. But it would take a very different type of man—"

"I suppose you mean your type?"

"Perhaps."

☆ "WHAT is it, exactly?" she had inquired, driving a little too fast and loving it.

He had cautioned her: "Slow down, will you? I enjoy life . . . What type? Oh, brutal, ruthless—"

"You sound like a movie—"

"It holds, just the same. No regard for delicate sensibilities, shocking a woman into awareness—and response; shaking her out of her vain, shallow little self—"

"You think I'm vain and shallow?"

"Of course."

"Then why—"

He said cheerfully, "You interest me and attract me very much. Because obvious and ready women don't. That's my curse. . . . Silly, isn't it? I like them difficult, always believing—credulous creatures—that they are armored. No woman is, you know. Not really."

He had added carelessly that some day Ron—"a very average person"—might tire of being married to a dragonfly.

"Dragonfly?"

"Oh, you know; bright and skitter-

(*Continued on page 50*)

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

# Incredible Gregory

## *The story of Moscow's 4-way Gift to Hollywood*

☆ ALL kinds of stunts have been pulled and some of the weirdest crimes committed by the grimly determined job seekers of Hollywood, but Gregory Ratoff is the only male in the history of the motion-picture industry who did a strip tease for the sake of selling a scenario. That he happens to be likewise one of the few mammals on the North American continent to hold a so-called "four-way" contract—as a writer, actor, director, and producer—is not a mere coincidence. There is a close tie between his two achievements. Had he not torn off his clothes in the office of Darryl F. Zanuck on the afternoon of September 13, 1935, he would probably still be a free-lance comedian with a knack for slaughtering the king's English and backing the wrong horses.

A big tousled bear of a fellow, tipping the scales at two hundred and thirty, Ratoff called on Zanuck at the blackest moment of his variegated career. He was broke, hungry, and considerably worse off than out of a job. President and majority stockholder of Gregory Ratoff Productions, Ltd., a London concern which, unbeknown to Hollywood, had given up the ghost several months before, he was obliged to keep up appearances. The people who might otherwise have been good for a slight touch or a decent meal pumped his hand, whacked him on the back, punched him in the midriff, put their arms around his shoulders, and invariably wound up by saying the same thing:

"Well, well . . . Greg, you old dog! How does it feel to be a big shot in London and hobnob with lords, earls, and dukes? It's a far cry from Broadway and Wilshire Boulevard, isn't it?"

Then they laughed. Ratoff laughed too. His landlady didn't. It had been three months since he'd paid his rent.

One night, while loafing outside the old Trocadero Club, he spotted Darryl F. Zanuck. The chief of Twentieth Century-Fox beamed at his English competitor.

"Still in Hollywood, Greg? Trying to muscle in on our territory?"

Ratoff took off his hat, studied it for a moment, then threw it on the sidewalk and jumped on it with both feet.

"Mr. Zanuck," he yelled, "I'm broke—broke—broke! Have you any idea what it means to be broke? To owe money to your landlady, your laundry, your newsdealer, your druggist, your garage, your tailor, your . . ."

"I've a general idea," said Zanuck. "Have you got a good story idea up your sleeve?"

"Have I got a good story idea? I've a million good story ideas."

"I don't want a million. One will do. Drop in at my office some day next week."

"Next week!" Ratoff kicked what remained of his hat in the gutter. "I'm broke, and you talk about next week. Next week. . . . Have you any idea what it means to be broke? To owe money to your landlady, your newsdealer, your drugstore . . ."

"Don't overlook your garage and your tailor, Greg. Make it tomorrow afternoon."

The men who were present at that historic conference on the following afternoon have never recovered from it. Ratoff himself remembers nothing except that when the clock struck eight Zanuck got up, switched on the lights, and asked:

"Are you through, Greg?"

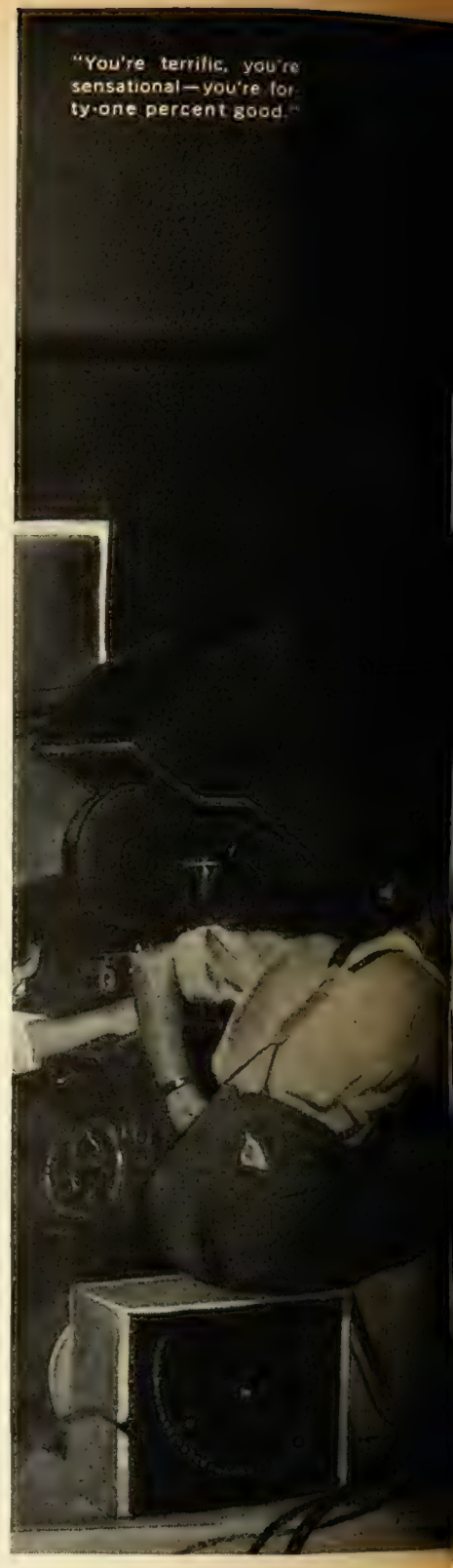
"I am."

"Then take this."

And he handed his visitor an oversized bath towel. Only then did Ratoff realize that somehow he had managed to shed his clothes and had nothing on but a pair of shorts.

"It was a hell of a powerful story," he adds by way of explanation.

It must have been. According to the witnesses, Ratoff ripped his shirt to shreds merely to show how deeply the hero felt about the misfortunes that befell the heroine. The belt and the trousers were discarded when the hero's house caught afire in the middle of the night and he had to jump out of the window half naked. As for the shoes . . . Well, when the forces of law and order finally caught up with the villain, he was told he would have to take this, and this, and this. . . .




"Greg could easily have used three pairs of shoes when he reached that particular scene," recalls William Goetz, vice-president of Twentieth Century-Fox. "The man was terrific. I have never seen the like of him. He was not to be denied that afternoon."

He was not. He walked out of Zanuck's office with a bath towel draped around his shoulders and a five-year "four-way" contract tucked in the belt of his shorts. Long before that contract expired its possessor became a legend. Today even the creators of the Samuel Goldwyn myth admit that, put side by side with Ra-

toff, the great include-me-out genius sounds, acts, and looks like an elder statesman.

Unlike a Goldwynism, a Ratoffism is at a premium not because of its challenge to grammar or syntax. It is true that Ratoff's English is all his own—a hodgepodge of Ellis Island, Broadway, and the Kremlin. But what delights his fans is not his accent, and not his way of phrasing, but that inimitable "twist at the end," that invigorating breeze of dementia praecox, which is so characteristic of all the stories dealing with the Quadruple Threat of Beverly Hills. When Ratoff tears up a letter soliciting a loan and says, "I hate the guts of that fellow—next time I read his letter I won't even open it," Hollywood laughs, but the bona fide collectors of Ratoffiana refuse to bid. They remember what he said to Alice Faye when directing her in Rose of Washington Square: "Alice, you're terrific, you're sensational, you're colossal—you're forty-one per cent good. I wish to God I knew how to squeeze the remaining fifty-nine per cent out of you." They cherish the instructions he gave to his own wife, Eugénie Leontovich, while taking her "test" for Four Sons: "I won't argue with you, darling. The way you want to play this scene is unquestionably a better way, but if you play it my way you'll get the job." They quote verbatim his reprimand to Tyrone Power: "I'm ashamed of you, Ty. You wonder whether or not you can play the part of Nicky Arnstein? You're crazy, my boy! You, the man who built the British Mercantile Marine for Lloyds of London . . . you, the man who dug the Suez Canal singlehanded . . . you, the man who made love to Marie Antoinette . . . and you don't think you're good enough to play Nicky Arnstein?" And they know that, sooner or later, they will come across as magnificent an item as the story of Ratoff's racing stable.

It seems that a few years ago, when Ratoff first began reporting an income in excess of one hundred thousand dollars, his associates on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot pointed out to him that a man of his importance

BY

FREDERICK VAN RYN

should possess a racing stable. "It's the thing to do," they said. "It really is, Greg. Look at Bing Crosby. Look at Myron Selznick. Look at Louis B. Mayer. Look at Raoul Walsh. Look at Harry Warner. Everybody who is anybody in Hollywood owns a racing stable. What's the matter with you? Wouldn't you like to win the Santa Anita Handicap?"

There was nothing the matter with him, said Ratoff, and he certainly would like to win the Santa Anita Handicap.

A week later he bought two horses and boarded them with a trainer at eight dollars a day, per.

"It won't be long now," he predicted. "*Der Tag* is set for two weeks from today."

*Der Tag* came. Ratoff's horses, entered in a Class C handicap, ran seventh and eighth. There were eight horses in the race. Ratoff tore up five hundred dollars' worth of pari-mutuel tickets and said there was something rotten in Santa Anita.

At six o'clock the following morning he showed up at the track.

"Come to see 'em gallop?" asked his trainer.

"Gallop my eye!" said Ratoff. "Bring them here. I want to have a word with them."

The trainer grinned. Hollywood people. . . .

"Bring them here," repeated Ratoff.

He took off his hat and coat. He was preparing a speech. Horses, he explained, were not much different from human beings. What they needed was a pep talk.

"I'll be damned!" said the trainer. "In all my years at this game . . ."

"That's what they told John D. Rockefeller when he decided to build Radio City."

The trainer opened his mouth wide. He kept it open for the next ten minutes. The jockeys, the exercise boys, the other trainers, and the clockers who happened to be around never forgot that amazing scene.

"Listen, my friends," said Ratoff, addressing his horses. "There's something I would like to make clear to you. I bought you in good faith. I paid for you twenty-five hundred dollars apiece. Every day you cost me sixteen dollars more. I know—I know what's sixteen dollars to a guy who makes over one hundred grand a year? I've heard that argument before. The trainer tells me that you faltered on entering the home stretch. Why did you do that? Do I falter when I'm about to shoot the last reel? Does Clark Gable falter when he's about to grab the heroine in his arms? Does Bette Davis falter when she's about to shoot her lover? Oh, no, my friends, we don't. We give all—all—all! Now, then, let's suppose I'm a horse." Ratoff stopped, threw his head up, and made an attempt at whinnying. "Pretty good, eh? Thank you, my friends. But let's continue supposing. I'm a horse and I'm entering the home stretch. Now watch me—watch me."

Ratoff took a deep breath and closed his eyes. The next moment he was off. He ran around the paddock three times. Each time he approached the spot where his horses stood, he increased his speed and yelled:

"See? See what I do when I enter the home stretch? I give all—all!"

A week later Greg's two champions were given their second chance. They finished tenth and eleventh in a field of eleven. That was humiliating enough, but what broke the owner's heart was the fact that the horse he declared was "out to win" came in eleventh, while the animal he entered "as a pacemaker" managed to get home tenth.

That night, in the presence of some two hundred spellbound diners at the Brown Derby, Ratoff broke off his relations with the sport of kings.

"May I turn into a lobster Newburg," he swore in a voice that could have been heard anywhere within the limits of Greater Los Angeles, "if I ever spend another nickel on a four-legged double-crosser. Let Bing Crosby, let Louis B. Mayer, let Harry Warner make saps out of themselves. As for Gregory Ratoff— Well, my

*(Continued on page 57)*

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

## PART TEN—DEATH PLAYS A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK

☆ IN these past months Lisa had learned that the most important function of her face was to serve as a mask.

Looking at Mignon's photograph, she managed to appear shocked; nothing more. Yet the beginning of panic rushed over her. She thought, *I've got to tell them. I've got to get them out of the hotel.*

But to Herr von Seidtz she whispered only, "I can't believe it! I can't!"

"*Nein?*" He seemed to find amusement in her surprise. "Why not?"

"Her—her voice, for one thing. There is no sham in that. It is a trained soprano."

"*Sicher.* It was trained in Rome. I have her record."

"I cannot understand—" She stopped, then demanded, "Why did she kill this Hauptmann von Wesel?"

"I do not know. Nor does it interest me. It is enough that she killed him." Herr von Seidtz put his cigarette into a tray. He crossed the room to pick up the telephone. He gave a number—that of the Prague headquarters of the Gestapo.

While he waited she said, "Was it necessary for you to make the trip to Prague, Herr von Seidtz? If you had communicated with me—or with the local Gestapo—we could have—"

He laughed. A brief laugh, and harsh. "No, Fräulein. It was I who made the mistake. I passed on their credentials. Before I announce such a thing I wish to be in a position to show I have corrected the error."

Watching his face, shrewd and powerful, she saw the underlying motive of his trip. By keeping his error secret until he could hand Mignon Gaudin and Philip Layden to the authorities for execution, his mistake could be transformed to a brilliant coup. The important thing would be his capture of two spies.

A voice clattered in the telephone and he turned to speak. Lisa listened as he identified himself and asked that four men be sent to the Vratislav.

She was still thinking wildly, *I've got to get them out.*

As he put down the instrument she asked, "Did you not see Lantera in the lobby when you came? She was there, near the door, waiting for some one to go out with her."

"Out?"

"But yes—"

"She must be stopped!"

Herr von Seidtz did what she expected him to do. He sprang impulsively across the room, as angry as if Mignon's going anywhere were a personal affront. He pulled open the door, strode out.

Lisa waited until he had hurried down the stairs. The instant he was out of sight, around the bend, she ran up the steps to the floor above. She all but burst into Philip's room. He and Mignon were at the window, gazing down at the Vs chalked on the sidewalks.

Lisa was breathless. It took her only a few seconds to whisper what she had come to say. And she had no time to wait for replies.

"Get out by the side door!" she urged.

She had to get back to Herr von Seidtz' room before he returned from the lobby. She rushed down the stairs so fast that she almost fell; but she got into the room in time. When he came back, she was standing near the table, as he had left her.

"She is not down there," said von Seidtz, the words choppy. "Nobody saw her leave. Where is her room?"

"Upstairs."

"And his?"

"Also."

"Come!" It was an order for her to lead him to Mignon's room. As Lisa went out, it was with the tense prayer that Philip and Mignon had paused for nothing; that they had already dashed down the service stairs.

She went up without haste, ignoring von Seidtz' impatience. On the upper floor, she turned first to Mignon's door and knocked. There was no response. She tried the knob, and the door opened. But the room was empty.

"She may be with Bardi," she said. "Let us see." Leading von Seidtz along the hall, she added, "He has been sick all week. The grippe. This morning, for the first time, he was well enough to go out."

She approached Philip's door with nerves that trembled. Yet she knew she had to appear calm. She had to carry this scene off convincingly. She knocked—with the sensation of lifting a bomb that might explode in her hands.

Philip's room, too, was empty.

Von Seidtz scowled into it. "It is strange," he said, "that nobody saw them go out. Have you any idea where they went?"

"No. They often go walking."

They were descending the steps to his room when she realized, with a jolt, that she truly had no notion of where Mignon and Philip might go. She had asked them nothing. The only thing that had mattered had been to get them out of the hotel. Now that they were gone, they could never return. Her relief in their escape was overwhelmed by a wave of anxiety. Where *could* they go?

As soon as it became evident that they would not return, Herr von Seidtz would certainly have all Prague searched and watched. They could not take trains without facing officials; they could not travel along any road, since all were patrolled. Where, then, could they find safety?

# *Tomorrow* We March

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

Philip kept the door open a little, so that he might listen to the voices downstairs.

**Escape . . . But he knew in his heart he wouldn't leave Lisa behind. Now comes a desperate decision**

Lisa didn't know. It bewildered and frightened her. The only hope she could seize upon was that some member of Prague's underground would offer them the refuge of his home. Whatever happened, she realized with a sickening sense of finality, she had cut herself off from Philip. She could not see him again. It was over. . . . The thought suddenly devastated the future.

☆ PHILIP and Mignon, avoiding the Vaclavska, walked quickly. Not so quickly, however, as to attract attention. Once or twice he glanced back. His lips were tight.

Two blocks from the hotel, he signaled a carriage. "The Old Town," he told the driver. "The Tyn Church."

As the horse clopped around a corner, Mignon sat close beside him. She had to whisper so that the driver would not overhear; her voice sounded stifled.

"Why the Tyn Church?"

"To get as far from the hotel as we can," he said. "We won't go in. We'll take another carriage."

"We've got to get out of Prague!"

"If we can find a way. The railroad station will be watched. And the roads are all patrolled."

"Then where *are* we going?"

Philip raised his eyes to the Hradcany Hill. In the morning sunshine the palace and the cathedral, high on the summit, looked remote and unreal. After a moment he answered, "To my sister's."

At that Mignon's eyes grew wide. He had told her about his sister Anne; but he had also told her why he had hesitated to visit her. Not only because he had been unwilling to rouse curiosity in his own movements but because he hadn't wanted to involve Anne and her family in his danger.

But the time had come to take drastic steps. "We need a place where we can stop running and draw a breath and decide what to do," he said. "Nobody knows I've got a sister in Prague. It'll be the safest house to go to."

☆ TWO years of living under Nazi domination had taught Anne Layden Szebranyi many bitter lessons. It had taught her that crises could best be met with calm; that you had to keep a firm grip on your nerves if you were to live sanely through these hysterical days. Yet much of this inner fortitude, so carefully nurtured, deserted her when she saw her brother enter the gray stone house.

Anne, coming into the outer hall behind an aged servant, stared as though Philip were a hallucination. She tried to speak, but at first no sounds came. When at last she did gasp, *"Philip!"* and rushed into his

arms, he could feel her whole body tremble. She kissed him—again and again. She hugged him fiercely.

The woman servant, Alzbeta, had been in the Szebranyi family for two generations. She regarded Philip's arrival almost as emotionally as did her mistress, stammering, "*Pane* Layden! *Pane* Layden!" as if it were inconceivable.

In the midst of it all, while he still embraced Anne, Philip saw his brother-in-law come down the stairs. Having heard the excitement, Adam Szebranyi was dazed. His daughter, Barbara, stopped behind him, with no idea of who these visitors might be. She stood wide-eyed in perplexity, watching her father run down to seize the strange man's hand and pump it.

"How did you get to Prague?" Adam demanded. "What in heaven's name are you doing here?"

He had the figure of an athlete, wide of shoulder, lean of hip. In the old days he and Philip had waged perennial tennis duels. Now, though he wasn't yet forty, his thick hair was graying; his face had begun to sag with the grimness imposed on it by the last few years of struggle. Like Anne, he asked a score of standard questions, all of them based on the incomprehensible fact that Philip and this girl had walked into the house without baggage, out of nowhere.

☆ A FEW minutes later, behind the closed double doors of the parlor, Philip tersely summarized his situation and Mignon's. What he said brought fear, a trace of panic, into the eyes of both Anne and Adam.

"We've got to find a way of getting out of Prague," Philip concluded. "There's one chance—" He looked from his sister to her husband. "That's the underground."

"The underground," Adam protested, "can't get you past the guards at the railroad station. They're all Nazis."

"It can supply uniforms. A brownshirt's for me, maybe a nurse's for her. With uniforms Mignon and I may be able to walk out of Prague."

"Walk where?"

"I don't know. Our first problem is to get out of the city."

"Have you your American passport?" Adam asked.

"No. I'd have had to pry apart the leather of a grip to get it. Couldn't stop."

"What about this Lisa Abernathil? Couldn't she get it for you?"

"I doubt it. They've probably seized our baggage. Besides, the passport wouldn't help. It hasn't been stamped by the Germans."

Adam rose. He sent an unsteady hand through his hair. When he glanced at his wife, Anne pressed: "Have you any way of reaching the underground, Philip?"

"No addresses," he admitted. "But I know two names. Pavel and Juraj Moktor. Their father's a tailor."

"A tailor," Adam said quickly, "ought to be listed in the telephone directory." He got the book at once. Running his finger down a page, he found Ignác Moktor, a tailor, at an address near the Old Town. "You want me to go to him?" he asked. He was grave now. "You certainly can't leave the house yourself."

"It'll be a risk, Adam."

"We are used to taking risks."

"Then ask for Pavel. He'll know what to do."

Adam Szebranyi memorized the address, then put down the book. His eyes turned to the clock.

"I can be back in an hour," he said.

Out in the corridor he picked up a hat and a stick. He might have been going for a Sunday stroll—that was the appearance he wished to give. He glanced back at Philip. And now a curious undertone of bitterness crept into his voice.

"At least," he said, "I can fight them this way."

☆ WHAT he meant Philip didn't discover until he'd gone. Anne told him about it with despair.

"He's never been able to join the underground," she said. "He's too closely watched by the Gestapo."

"Why?" Philip demanded.

"His factory makes army shoes. Of course the Germans take them. They keep Adam in charge because they think Czech workmen will do more for him than for a Nazi supervisor. But he's always under the eyes of the Gestapo."

He didn't have to question Adam Szebranyi's motives in submitting to such surveillance. Throughout Europe it was the same. If a man refused Nazi instructions, his factory was confiscated and he went to a concentration camp. If he obeyed, it was with the desperate hope that he could hold the factory until the day the Nazis were driven out. . . .

Anne began asking questions about her mother. To her surprise, she found that Mignon could answer them more accurately than Philip. Mignon had, after all, spent most of the past two years in Gardenois. So the women talked in French, Anne constantly urging, eager for more news, as if she had been starved for it.

She was a tall woman. When she had married Adam Szebranyi she'd had a serene beauty like her mother's. Now Philip saw deep lines in her face—bitter lines, defiant lines. It pained just to look at them. And her hair, once as brown as his, held streaks of gray. The life she had known in Prague could not have been easy.

Yet there was one thing Anne had retained—something inviolate no tyranny could vanquish. He saw it when she rose, and he was proud to see it. That was the dignity of bearing she had inherited from her mother.

She rose because Barbara ran into the room. The child looked at Mignon and at Philip shyly, then turned to Anne. She spoke in Slovakian.

"May I play in the back yard?" she asked. "The little girl from next door is there."

"Yes—" Anne began, then remembered something. She caught Barbara's shoulders and looked down at her with emphatic eyes. "But you must not tell the little girl or anybody else that your uncle is here. Will you remember that, Barbara?"

"Is it a bad thing to tell, mama?"

"Very bad."

"As bad as telling about the milk papa brings me in his briefcase?"

"Even worse."

"Then I won't say anything to anybody."

As soon as Barbara had gone, Alzbeta thrust her wrinkled peasant face into the doorway. She wanted the *pani* to come to the kitchen. Without mentioning it, Alzbeta had a serious problem of her own—the matter of preparing food for two extra adults who had not been considered on ration cards. . . .

So Anne went to the kitchen, and Philip remained alone with Mignon. They sat together on a settee. She looked exhausted, he saw. On impulse, he put a reassuring hand over hers, squeezed it.

Mignon was scarcely aware of the gesture. She sat lost in thoughts that drained her of hope. Perhaps illogically, she felt responsible for much of what had happened. After all, it was the fact that she had once killed a Nazi officer which had brought this culminating disaster. Now, with her picture circulated among members of the Gestapo, she saw little chance of escape. Her career as Ravineau agent was finished. Yet that in itself was unimportant. What mattered was that she had ended Philip's effectiveness, too. Because of her, he would never complete the work he had undertaken. He could do nothing now except struggle to get out of German territory alive.

Philip, watching her face, was stirred by a deep ache of compassion.

"Mignon—"

But he didn't know what to add. He could only pat her hand again with an awkward attempt at encouragement.

His fears reverted to Lisa. Subconsciously he had been wondering about Lisa ever since leaving the hotel; wondering, with dread in his heart, if by bringing him a warning she had incurred the hostility—possibly the rage—of von Seidtz. Not if she'd returned to the official's room in time. It came to him with a shock that, whatever happened, he was never to see her again. Surely not in Prague. Nor afterward, as long as the pall of Nazism continued to hang over them. Lisa had her own task to do. In a day or two, if all went well between her and von Seidtz, she would travel on with the troupe. And that would be the end. There had been no time to realize this before. Now he saw it, and the thought crushed him. He sat helpless, staring at the floor; and for a while he lost interest even in escape.

☆ HERR VON SEIDTZ, seated on the edge of a table in his room, kept a booted leg dangling.

"That it should be Sunday of all

(*Continued on page 61*)

# A Letter to Bill

BY GEORGE E. MAGEE

Santa Ana, Calif.,
September 1, 1941.

☆ DEAR BILL:

It was nice of you to write and ask about Button Nose. I think he misses you. But I feel the same. When a man imagines he owns a woman body and soul, something should be done. But you might have made more fuss. After all, we did have fun together.

Father looked mad when I told him I was leaving you forever. Mother thought I was right. I told her how awful you acted when I just wanted to get away for a couple of days. She said to father, "Long as she's here, I'll go see my sister. You'll be all right?"

"Guess so," he said.

"House seems funny," he said when we came back from taking her to the train. "Your mother hasn't been away a night in twenty-five years. I've been foreman in the glass works for sixteen years. She has put up four thousand lunches and got twice as many meals. No wonder. Hope she stays a month."

The first night he seemed sort of sick. He ate a little supper, watered the lawn, and wandered around, looking. Finally he said, "Heck, I'm a free man. I'll go down and get a bottle of beer, and gas with the boys."

He was back in half an hour. He sat on the porch and didn't hear when I talked to him. He went to bed.

I heard him walking around in the night. In the morning he telephoned, asking if he could change places with the night foreman. I knew he just couldn't sleep without mother. You remember how it was when I went to the hospital? I'd sort of forgotten.

He tinkered around most of the day, starting one job and then another. He made me nervous. He seemed glad to get away to work. He's all right now, I thought.

He came home when I was bathing Button Nose. He's so cute, Bill. I think he misses you. But dad didn't notice.

"I don't want any breakfast, Kitten," he said. Then he went out on the porch with his hat pulled down against the sun.

"You'd better go to bed," I said.

He grinned sickly. "She might send a postal." He just sat there until the afternoon delivery. His face got longer all the time. It was funny. Old folks like that.

I packed his lunch and he dogged off to work. He came home, fiddled with his breakfast, and went out on the porch again.

"Wonder she wouldn't write," he said. "But I reckon she's having a good time, meeting folks and all. Your mother's a very attractive woman, Kitten. It's a wonder you don't favor her more."

I felt mad. "Go to bed," I said. "I'll wake you if she writes."

"Guess I'll wait," he said.

I wanted to laugh. But I did feel sorry for him when he went to work. He walked like an old man. You know how he always trotted home, whistling, swinging his pail, and grinning when he saw ma. He seemed shrunk.

I was feeding Button Nose—you know, the 2 A. M. when he always wants to play—when the doorbell rang. Good heavens, I thought, he's been walking around half asleep and he's got hurt. What will ma say! It's my fault.

But it was mother. Gee, was I glad!

"Where *is* dad?" she said, looking in the bedroom.

"Working the night shift. He couldn't sleep."

The softest smile came on mother's face. "Well, don't tell him I'm home. I couldn't sleep a wink, either. But I did see Colorado Springs."

"I won't," I said.

Later I looked in the bedroom. She was asleep, with her head on dad's pillow.

I got dad a good breakfast, which he didn't eat. I was bursting to tell him. I tried to get him to go to bed. But he just went out to wait for the mail.

After the carrier came by, he came in, poked his finger at Button Nose without seeing him. His eyes looked like burnt holes in a blanket. The more I looked at him, the tighter my throat got. I kept wondering how you feel, Bill.

He went to sleep in his chair. Got up sort of dazed, and stumbled toward the bedroom, fussing at his suspenders.

He came out like a shot. "Your mother!" he whispered. *"She's there—right there.* She must have come back!"

You could have knocked his eyes off with a stick.

"She did." I said.

Funny thing was, he didn't go back in. "She must be awful tired," he said, and he tiptoed to the couch and pulled off his shoes. In five minutes he was snoring. His face was like Button Nose's with a full tummy.

I gathered up Button and rocked him hard. He waked up and said, "Dada," right out loud. I think he misses you.

Mother came out after a while, gave me a dirty look and put a blanket over dad, though it was *baking* in the house. She started cooking.

Dad waked up. I looked for them to run at each other crazily like we used to do, but the funny thing is, they didn't. Dad yawned, "Ho-ho, ho-hum," and staggered out to the kitchen. He said, "Hello, Annie. You got back, huh?"

She said, "Yes, Jim."

I looked in the kitchen. Dad was standing with his shoulder against the wall, grinning silly and watching ma. She kept her back to him all the time. I never realized she was crying till she said jerkily, "Sit down, will you, before these cakes get stone-cold?"

I had to get out, Bill. I felt all funny inside. Well, I guess that's all the news.

Sincerely, ANN.

P.S. I got to thinking, Bill, and I tore this open to tell you that if you want to see Button Nose, you'll get this letter at nine—I asked the carrier—and you could be here at twelve. We'd be sitting on the porch, Button Nose and I. I think he misses you. But do be careful driving.

Yours, ANN.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

# Pictures you ought to see

## By Howard Barnes

HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME
5 MINUTES
5 SECONDS

### ★ ★ ★½ INTERNATIONAL LADY

Like Foreign Correspondent, this new spy melodrama uses the war as a monster reflector for a tense and engrossing show. It's quite possible that you'd be interested in its story, even if it were laid in Ruritania. But with a dashing F. B. I. operative and a crafty Scotland Yard man breaking up a sabotage ring, it's got twice the punch that it would have had if laid in a mythical kingdom. Escapist drama is big stuff on the screen these days. Curiously enough, material is just as escapist and far more exciting when it ties in with what's happening around us.

International Lady is right up to the minute. It's as fresh as newspaper headlines. At the same time it has all of the terrific suspense and action of a first-rate Western. Any one who cares about the delivery of American planes to England will care intensely about the efforts of the Scotland Yard men and the F. B. I. agent to keep those planes crossing the Atlantic in spite of saboteurs who employ a beautiful blonde, musical codes, chemists, and cutthroats. Any one who cares about thrilling entertainment is certain to be pulled up on the edge of his seat by the spy-stalks-spy melodrama.

Thanks to Tim Whelan's expert direction, the show builds right through to the climax in terms of either escapist excitement or anti-sabotage propaganda. Opening in a London air raid, which throws a supposed Scandinavian singer, an American diplomat, and a British journalist together, it picks up momentum from one sequence to the next. The pay-off, which finds the blonde saving the life of the G-man and the Anglo-American sleuths cornering the saboteurs in an abandoned Lake Champlain granary, is a stunning bit of suspense and blood-and-thunder pyrotechnics.

The cast is just about perfect for International Lady. George Brent is the romantically inclined F. B. I. man with the sort of casual intensity that always makes a spy character fascinating. Ilona Massey is lovely and sinister as the singer who tips off saboteurs, and Basil Rathbone is debonair and assured as the Scotland Yard fellow.

International Lady is keyed into the war all right, but it is still a knockout thriller.

(Edward Small-United Artists.)

### ★ ★ ★½ HONKY TONK

This saga of a con man working the old shell-and-pea game in the days of the six-shooter is a straight, unadulterated escapist show. What is more important to feminine fans is the fact that it's a natural vehicle for Clark Gable. The big fellow with the sardonic smile goes to town in Honky Tonk. He talks his way out of several lynchings. He has a dance-hall sweetheart known as "Gold Dust" and a lovely wife who doesn't care how much of a heel he is. Unless I'm mistaken, most people will refer to the picture as the new Gable movie rather than as Honky Tonk.

For a good half of the action the show is just as good as Gable. The opening scene, in which the nefarious hero talks his way out of being tarred and feathered, is a honey. So are the saloon brawls which put him in the saddle as undisputed boss of a Nevada mining town. Even the romantic interludes are believable and amusing. Then the production, for no good reason, gets involved in episodic plot complications and winds up in a rash of phony sentiment and phony melodrama. Since the work was an original script, there is no excuse for this. Anyway, it blunts what might have been a sharp and colorful entertainment.

Gable, as I've intimated, is rarely at a loss in playing the role of the confidence man. Until his implausible regeneration in the ending, he's in there punching with both fists, shooting, cheating, and making whirlwind love. Lana Turner is not nearly up to him as the aristocratic gal who loves him in spite of his skulduggery. But Frank Morgan, Claire Trevor, Marjorie Main, and the other supporting players uphold the best M-G-M traditions. A tighter story and Honky Tonk would have rated four stars.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

### ★ ★ ★ LADIES IN RETIREMENT

There's nothing contemporary about Ladies in Retirement, but you could hardly call it escapist. Its tale of a murderess, her two daft sisters, and her crooked nephew is gruesome and even terrifying. The original stage play has been adapted expertly. There are superb performances by Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, and Elsa Lanchester. But the picture is definitely for the few rather than the many, and it certainly isn't calculated to make you forget your troubles.

If you think you have troubles, consider those of Ellen Creed, a companion to an old lady in a lonely Victorian house. She has two screw-loose sisters who move in on the household with their eccentricities. Terrified that they will be turned out, she kills the old lady and walls her up in a bake oven. Then her unprincipled nephew turns up, discovers her terrible secret in a real horror scene, and the jig's up for every one concerned. Not a show for laughs.

At the same time, this Columbia production has a lot of what critics like to call artistic quality. The script is somber but uncompromising. In his staging, Charles Vidor has built up a Grand Guignol atmosphere which is reminiscent of all the fine horror pictures of the screen. That episode in which the nephew dresses the housemaid in the murdered mistress' wig and makes his aunt think she's seeing ghosts is really eerie.

(Columbia.)

### FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Little Foxes, The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane.

★★★½—All That Money Can Buy, Hold Back the Dawn, The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman!

★★★—The Feminine Touch, Smilin' Through, International Squadron, Navy Blues, Lydia, Dive Bomber, Nothing but the Truth, Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon Over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf.

## ☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

### by Donald Gordon

**PISTOLS FOR HIRE,** by Nelson C. Nye.

The old Lincoln County cattle war in New Mexico has furnished the basic pattern ridiculously romanticized by so many writers of Westerns, and was the scene of the exploits, often cowardly, of Billy the Kid. Irresponsible yarning has canonized this murderous twerp, but Nye has investigated the no less interesting truth and tells it here in a form fictionalized only to provide an old-timer mouthpiece. Male fare and good! (The Macmillan Company.)

*Actual color photograph of tobacco hanging inside curing barn—J. M. Talley inspects a leaf of tobacco, which he must buy, before curing*

# Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"Take my word for it—tobacco like this is plenty expensive!" says J. M. Talley, tobacco warehouseman of Durham, N. C. "But that doesn't stop Luckies. I've seen them go after this finer leaf in my warehouse again and again—and pay the price to get it!"

Smokers, the higher-priced tobaccos Luckies buy are worth the money because they're milder and better-tasting—just naturally more enjoyable to smoke than the ordinary kind.

Wouldn't you like these tobaccos in your *own* cigarette?

Remember: the independent tobacco experts see who buys what tobacco. And with these men—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen . . .

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

One of Britain's Rescue Service boats which pick up airmen who have had to land by parachute.

# Rescue Boats

**A flyer falls, a green circle spreads on the sea . . . What does it mean?**

BY ERIKA MANN

whom Liberty has sent to England as its special correspondent. She is a daughter of Thomas Mann, the eminent novelist who left Germany in 1938.

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

LONDON.

☆ IT rained so hard, one could hardly recognize the outlines of the landscape. Clouds looked like mountains, cornfields like choppy yellow lakes, and the poor dwellings alongside the rails—crippled, most of them, by recent blitzes, yet strangely beautified by the fog—looked like medieval ruins.

It was early in the morning. There hadn't been any breakfast in the hotel, and there was no dinner on the train, either. I had found a few cigarettes, though heaven knows what stuff they were made of. They were not easy on an empty stomach.

"Mist in the Straits of Dover," I read in the Daily Mail. But I knew this to be one of those understatements the British are so fond of. The weather must be *disastrous* in the Straits when even here, two hours from the sea, a nasty, irregularly blowing wind whipped thick strings of rain into a chaotic mess.

I hadn't been to Dover for quite a time. What was the place going to look like? Though there hadn't been any major raids, shelling was going on constantly, and I knew from the days in Madrid what even shelling can do to a city. Besides, shelling was really more annoying than bombing; one wasn't given the slightest warning and no time whatever to take cover.

What was I journeying out for, anyway? I wasn't going to see a thing, and should get nothing but a cold. Quite aside from the weather, I had a certain apprehensive feeling with regard to the "authorities." Would they let me pass? Granted, I carried my nice neat Air Ministry permit in my pocket. I was definitely entitled to "visit the Naval Base." But did that mean I could go out in a rescue boat and really see what was going on?

The Rescue Service—that much I knew—was run by both the navy and the air force. Headquarters *————* all round the coasts of these islands in every port and harbor were constantly being informed regarding the number and position of aircraft engaged in their respective sectors, and their boats were always ready at a moment's notice to go out and fish up any airman who had made a parachute landing in the water. Members of the Observer Corps, coast guards, and Home Defense volunteers were sitting on the tops of lonely cliffs keeping watch over the sea.

There was Dover, and there was even a cup of coffee with bread and a butter ration which could be easily recognized as such without a magnifying glass. I was very pleased.

Dover looked all right. Nothing really serious had happened to the good old place. A few squares and streets were wrecked, of course, by bombs apparently, but the ugly new bank houses in the business district looked rather better now with a few edges chipped off and a few honorable scars interrupting the dull regularity of their tiresome facades. It was still raining. I got a small bottle of brandy, although I couldn't quite picture the moment when I would dare to open it in the presence of H. M.'s forces. "It's going to be hellish cold," I decided, "and rough besides; some one might get seasick." Some one?

Needless to say, I was by no means welcome on board the rescue boat, and as a matter fact I was on the point of giving way, of agreeing "just to stick around here talking to the boys and listening to their stories," when I realized that the whole thing was not a question of civilians, of reporters not being admitted, but of women being refused. "There's nothing for females out there—and we've never taken one." That was what I couldn't possibly stand. I put up my best fight, emerged victorious, and was presently on my way to the docks.

There were four boats going out this afternoon, two R. A. F. boats and two of the navy's *————* Mosquitoes. The little fleet lay below, at anchor. No sort of steps or slope led to it. There was only a wall some three

(*Continued on page 40*)

* Deleted by censor.

# Dear Ma: This is ME – in a PULLMAN!

**1.** Well, Ma . . . here I am taking my first trip in a Pullman. And every time I take one of my lazy six-foot stretches I sure am glad I'm riding by Pullman. Riding most ways is just riding. But riding by Pullman is *living!* And the service, Ma—just look at all I get on a Pullman . . .

**2. Take the porter . . .** He calls me "sir" and treats me like a king. (I bet he thinks I'm much older than 19.) He takes my bags and shows me my berth. He makes my bed. He shines my shoes. He brushes my clothes. He brings extra blankets, extra pillows, even a drink of water at the press of a button! (Gosh!)

**3. And the bed, Ma!** With *two* pillows, fresh, snuggly sheets, and a nice soft, comfortable mattress, like the kind we have at home. All mine, Ma! Plenty of room to stretch and turn. Class, Ma? Listen! Two bed lamps, coat hangers, a little hammock to put my clothes in. Even a private air cooler *in every berth!* (What won't they think of next!)

**4. I saw a big league pitcher** (in the lounge)! He gave me a great big smile, and we talked inside baseball to bedtime. The lounge car, you know, is just like a private club that everybody with a Pullman ticket can use. It's a friendly place, with big, lazy chairs, free magazines to read, and a porter ready to jump the minute you clap your hands!

**5. A washroom you can swing a cat in!** You might think, Ma, that a washroom in a Pullman is a hole-in-the-wall affair. But it isn't. It's big and roomy, with hot and cold running water, and a special bowl with a goose-neck faucet for cleaning my teeth. It even has an outlet for my electric razor. And Ma, you can use a million towels if you want! (It's wonderful!)

**6. And what do you think it cost?** Only $2.65 to ride *Pullman* the whole 300 miles; plus my first class railroad ticket. And this'll please *you*, Ma. It's the *safest* way to travel there is. So it's Pullman for my money. For you, too, Ma. From now on we travel in *style!*

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course had altered to an explicit assertion of unadorned fact.

"Miss Ofelia," he proceeded clearly, "I must act in a situation that becomes ridiculous. But I find myself willing to save you from the consequences of an insolent caprice. Attention! I'll blast this door with cannon fire, leaving nothing inside but rubbish, or satisfy my vanity and doubts. Take me into your confidence, that is to say into your room—myself alone—and there we can settle intimate questions in private."

John Hargit made an irrational assault on the obdurate bolts and the iron grille came away from the window. Its weight dragged him down with the grotesque violence of a clown's pantomime.

Ofelia flung herself at John Hargit, sweeping a brooch of amethysts and a fine gold chain from the chest of drawers. "Take this," she whispered ardently. "Hurry! Hurry! Captain Padge on the brig Allan Hocknell. He'll recognize it. He'll do anything for me. Glasgow on the morning tide. Oh, hurry! The passage to Gloria Street, then left; left again down the Real de Jesus Maria; the Talla Piedra wharf. It might be the miraculous grace."

"What about you?" he insisted.

"It would be better if I stayed," she answered in a completely reasonable manner, "better for us both. The general"—Ofelia even contrived to speak lightly—"I am very successful with generals." She forced the brooch into his upraised hand and repeated, "The miracle." Her face was transfigured.

"If that's it," John Hargit said roughly—"if it's like that, we'll neither get to Glasgow." He laughed in a species of harsh and derisive humor. "The noble simpleton." John addressed himself: "First the Lopez speculation, Cuba *libre*, and then a fancy piece very successful with generals. A Spanish general's rose. This!" A savage gesture described the room.

The color and animation drained from the girl's face. Mechanically holding the jeweled brooch, John Hargit watched her with a somber frown. She turned rigidly and walking to the door cried to the general, the courtyard, outside:

"Cornelio's prepared to remain alive," as she opened the door.

"Magnificent," General Rojas cheerfully replied.

Ofelia replaced the bar across the door, and John steadily met the officer's faintly mocking gaze.

"Put out of your mind that melodramatic cannon," General Rojas begged Ofelia, "suggested to save you from the commonplace. The evidence of Cornelio's bona fides enchants me." He blandly surveyed John Hargit. "With men of quality," he observed, "rags are a bagatelle. Especially they conceal nothing. It would be more appropriate to decorate your last moments with the scornful truth. I'll hear nothing about this comic relationship to a Peruvian titmouse."

"None the less we are cousins," John baldly asserted.

"In the first degree," the general added contemptuously. "Compose yourself, then, for an act of injustice. A firing squad outside the door. For an American," he continued easily, "your Spanish is admirable. New Orleans might account for that—a city where Spain is remembered. I am positive you see the connection."

☆ OFELIA said nothing; her gaze was withdrawn from John Hargit. And suddenly aware of the jeweled token in his hand he dropped it into a dilapidated pocket.

"The renegade who led the expedition from New Orleans committed every folly known to war," General Rojas told him. "Lopez divided his force in the enemy's face and left Crittenden, a she-goat, at Morrillo with the supplies. When he discovered that imbecility, sent back for arms, Colonel Crittenden marched three or four miles, then stopped for breakfast. A novelty under the circumstances—some of his detachment reached the main body in time to surrender, but Crittenden and the others preferred the coast. They sailed, you may recall, for Key West. Not all who might escaped; not, for example, their general; they couldn't be expected to wait for him and companions lost somewhere in the jungle. A cargo of Judas Iscariots."

"Skunks," John assented. His left eyebrow twitched. A surprising change in Ofelia, however, possessed his attention. Twisting her hands in visible dismay, she now met his gaze with imploring candor. She went up to John Hargit and put an arm around his shoulders.

"I don't understand, Cornelio," she said. "Cornelio, I don't understand and I'm afraid."

"It seems an expedition set out from New Orleans to free Cuba," he explained; "but the Spaniards moved so quickly that only one filibusterer escaped, so the general sees him in every harmless foreigner."

His pretense, John recognized, was plainly futile; yet he owned no intention to desert a position Ofelia had contrived for his safety. There was still a remote chance that he faced nothing more tangible than suspicion on the part of General Rojas. But principally John Hargit was aware of a profound coldness that held all his being in a state of breathless suspension. Like Ofelia, he was afraid.

"Enough," General Rojas said brusquely. "You're that Iscariot who escaped." He turned to the door.

John saw without comprehension the swift movement that began an appalling strife. He saw the fluent grace of Ofelia's naked shoulders, the black shawl flung over the Spaniard's head, and a bright blade. The struggle was so swiftly violent that he had no chance to determine its brief and desperate course. General Rojas managed to drag aside the shawl's blinding folds and grasped the hand that held Ofelia's knife. They whirled and swayed in a smother of choked breathing and scrape of the soldier's boots. His spurs tore the girl's legs. She twisted his hand free and stabbing at his heart sliced open the general's shoulder. The end was incredibly sudden.

An elbow across Ofelia's throat forced her back, and Rojas reached under the constricting shawl for the hilt of his saber. It was the shawl that concealed the final horror from John Hargit. There was an expiring sob, the knife fell ringing on the tiles, and Ofelia loosely collapsed.

General Rojas was standing with his wet saber lowered, a palm pressed to his redly dripping shoulder, when Hargit crashed into him. John Hargit was galvanized by a fury that gave his starved exhaustion a transitory driving force. His fingers closed above the embroidered collar of the general's tunic. Rojas cursed sibilantly and tried to shorten his saber's thrust.

There was the insistent hammering of a fist on the door and voices demanded the general's reassurance.

The saber point raked John Hargit's ribs and a warm flow of blood sapped at his desperately maintained stamina. He spoke without conscious volition into the officer's congested face.

"We were lost two days and nights looking for our command. That damned forest! The muskets were useless. Served to us like that—do you hear? Defective arms and lies. We happened on the shore; the Spanish companies moved up; Crockett ordered us into the boat. The Esperanza—"

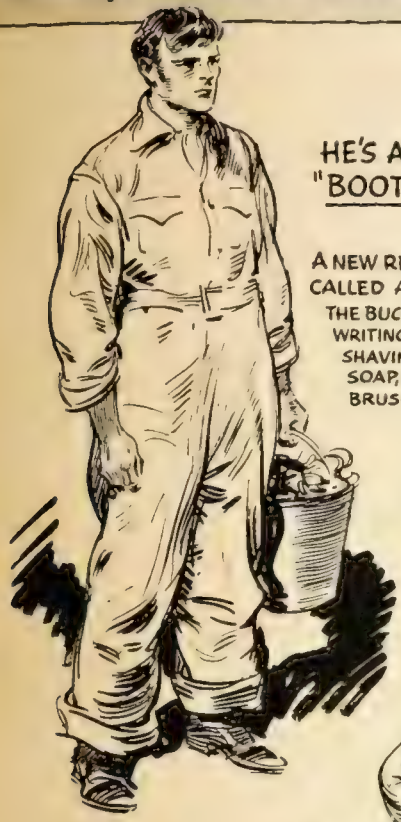
His voice fluctuated and stopped. General Rojas was beyond the reach of earthly injustice and violence. John Hargit laid him on the floor and, disregarding the clamor outside, wrapped the body of Ofelia in its shawl. Her head rested tranquilly on outspread black hair; her countenance was waxen, already pinched, with a serene brow. John's gaze instinctively sought the painted effigy that represented the miraculous Rose of Lima, then returned to Ofelia, dead. They were not utterly different, he thought; there was a perceptible agreement in their finality of peace; they were, John Hargit told himself, fittingly and forever the same.

The shattering blow of a heavy beam threatened the door's resistance and John vanished from the room. He hurried through the dark passage to Gloria Street, but on the Real de Jesus Maria his pace became a dangerously laggard and faltering plod. He vaguely heard answering cries and guns fired into the night. The Talla Piedra wharf, John Hargit reminded himself; the brig Allan Hocknell and Captain Padge. Captain Padge would recognize Ofelia's amethyst memorial, yet leave without her for Glasgow on the morning tide. Two square-rigged masts with unfurled sails rose up from the harbor's edge.

THE END

# Life among the Leathernecks

recently sketched in action at San Diego Marine Base by Texaco's artist FRANK GODWIN



HE'S A "BOOT"

A NEW RECRUIT IS CALLED A "BOOT." THE BUCKET CONTAINS WRITING MATERIALS, SHAVING KIT, SOAP, SCRUB BRUSH, ETC.

"CUT IT *THIS* WAY." MEAT EXPERT SHOWS RECRUITS AT COOK'S SCHOOL BEST WAY TO CUT MEAT. THIS IS ONE OF THE MANY TRADES TAUGHT IN THE MARINES.

NOT MEN FROM MARS! -JUST GAS MASK PRACTICE. NOTE RIFLE HELD BETWEEN KNEES WHILE ADJUSTING MASK.

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**INGRAM'S**

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# WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR CIVILIAN DEFENSE

Continued from page 17

bomb shelters are usually satisfactory.

What else can you do if, say, you live in a small house of your own?

You can go into your basement—where you will be warm, at least, and reasonably safe from splinters and blast. But if the walls above you support the load of the upper floors, then you had better shore up your basement. The blast from a close bomb conceivably might collapse the upper floors of your house, which, in turn, would fall through into the basement on top of you. Further, it would be wise to see that your gas and water are turned off outside your house, and that there are two means of exit from your basement. One might be blocked by debris.

It would be handy, too, to have some fire-fighting equipment on hand. If a two-pound incendiary bomb lands on your attic floor, you can smother it with sand or a jar and keep the fire from spreading. Provided, of course, your attic is clear of combustibles.

London has found that demolition bombs, loud and destructive, make the average citizen fighting mad. It is the little incendiaries that burn—and rob him of—his home and his belongings, that leave him uninjured, but confused and discouraged.

☆ TO return to the subject of New York City, it should be made clear that while it would be, perhaps, the outstanding target for enemy raiders, it would also be one of the safest places to be in during a raid. Its steel-and-concrete construction makes its skyscrapers (above the fifth floor and five floors beneath the top floor) probably the finest bomb shelters in the world. Basements, too, generally will afford protection.

New Yorkers, then, if caught in an air raid, will be wise if they get out of the streets (another danger during air raids is the rain of splinters from antiaircraft shells of the city's own defensive guns) and obey their air-raid wardens. They will not cluster in great masses at any given point—lest a direct hit incur a terrible loss of life. And they will early slant their thinking to one unpalatable but truthful fact:

There are few, if any, absolutely safe places during an intense air raid!

It is entirely possible that a bomb *might* strike the thirtieth floor of a sixty-story building, penetrate to the twenty-seventh floor, and explode, killing every one on that floor. That could happen. Your best consolation would be to remember that, mathematically, it is not likely to happen to the building and floor which you occupy.

One civilian defense expert to whom I spoke offered an analogy that it would be well to paste in your hat.

"It is terribly important," he said, "to face calmly the fact that civilians *are* going to get hurt in an air raid. I think we Americans are well equipped to take such a fact in our stride; to accept it coolly.

"Our newspapers, on the eve of a holiday week-end, predict that 400 persons are going to be killed in auto accidents. We read it, shrug, and go ahead with our plans for an automobile trip over the holiday. It does not mean that *we* are going to be killed."

☆ WILL our large coastal cities be evacuated in event of air raids? That depends. If raiders come and their hammering is sporadic or ineffective, it is likely that business will go on much as usual.

London at first had large-scale evacuation. Then most of its evacués trickled back into the city. It is better—unless local authorities decide otherwise—to "stay put."

The thing to remember is that your government and your local officials are working feverishly to provide you with every possible safeguard and comfort. In return, they ask only that, should bombs drop, you refuse to be stampeded into panic, that you obey the orders of those charged with your protection, and that you volunteer any services you may be able to give.

Civilian protection is simply insurance. It is costly insurance, to be sure, but better to buy it even if you never need it than not to buy it and then wish you had.

Every large American coastal city must necessarily expand its fire department. On May 31, 1941, by order of Civilian Defense Director La-Guardia, New York City established its Emergency Auxiliary Corps. Commissioner Patrick Walsh, appointed Fire Defense Co-ordinator for the city, relegated to Assistant Fire Chief John J. McCarthy all defense preparations.

Manhattan's Fire Department, ever since the first bomb dropped on Helsinki, has been studying the problem of civilian defense in America's largest city. It has listed every boat in New York harbor possessed of fire-fighting equipment. It has selected 1,187 sites for auxiliary fire stations from which its work could be carried out in the event that a fire station in any part of the city was bombed. *These sites—private and public buildings, garages, large school yards—will each house a completely equipped fire station if war comes.*

Meanwhile, the Emergency Auxiliary Corps is being drawn from the ranks of Manhattan's civil service employees, Fire Department eligibles, retired (but physically able) members of the department, and from the ranks of plain American civilians eager to assist. A Women's Auxiliary Service of 12,000 is planned. They will—as in London — serve as a motor corps (chauffeurs, dispatch riders), as canteen workers, and as volunteers to help to take care of auxiliary stations.

For the past two years New York firemen have been teaching the fundamentals of defense to the superintendents of 8,000 New York buildings. These men in turn will teach others, including their own building service employees. From them information will filter through to the building tenants themselves.

The average apartment dweller or office worker in Manhattan will be taught to become acquainted with the section of the city in which he works, to know the locations of its firehouses, police stations, and hospitals. He will learn—and accept—the fact that in an emergency he will best serve his own interests by following strictly the directions of those in his building designated to take over. He will participate in air-raid drills, join fire brigades, rescue squads, and first-aid units, and will in time reach that stage of training where his role in event of trouble becomes automatic.

He will learn, in short, to accept the one fundamental and all-important rule for every civilian during an air raid: "Be calm!"

Meanwhile, his city and his government proceed to teach volunteers and auxiliaries lessons that London learned at terrific cost.

New York City's Fire Department is already instructing its auxiliary force at each of the city's some three hundred firehouses. Forty-seven cities have sent police and fire officers to a school at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, for training in fighting aerial bombs, incendiary and gas attacks. Manhattan's volunteer air-raid wardens already are being taught their wartime duties: to enforce lighting restrictions during a blackout, to direct persons in the street during a raid to the nearest building providing adequate shelter; to report fires; to administer first aid; to detect and report gas; to distinguish between types of bombs; and to report fallen bombs which have not exploded, so that the area may be isolated.

☆ THUS, while no air-raid siren has yet sounded in America, our work of civilian protection goes forward, based on actual wartime conditions. If, by the time this article attains print, there is a nation-wide trying on of gas masks, do not be particularly disturbed. You are buying, not an air raid or a gas attack, but an insurance policy.

The lights in America, God willing, may never be blacked out; the drone of a bomber may never be heard over our heads. But, if it should be, remember this: there is an enemy far more dangerous than the pilot of that bomber; a terror far more insidious than the tons of explosives he may drop.

That enemy is you! That terror—your own panic!

Your sanctuary, your strength, and your ultimate patriotic contribution to those who labor for your protection are contained in two words:

*Be calm!*

THE END


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# Little Things that make

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

☆ IT was a showery day in April, 1935. The late Joe Jacobs, manager of ex-heavyweight champion Max Schmeling, was attending a private showing of one of Joe Louis' most recent fights. As the picture began, Jacobs complained to his erstwhile partner, "Professor" Billy McCarney, and his fighter: "We already seen this fight, and can't learn anything by watching these pitchers all over again. I shoulda stood in bed!"

The picture proceeded. Louis had just shot out a vicious left jab when suddenly something happened to the mechanism and the picture stopped still. The figures of Louis and his opponent were frozen on the screen for a moment, then disappeared as the house lights went on. Jacobs turned to stare at Schmeling. "Did you see what I saw?" he demanded.

"*Ja*, I see," said Schmeling.

"If you *mean*," said McCarney, "that after delivering his jab Louis drops his left low and leaves an opening for a right cross so big Ben Hur could drive his chariot through it—"

That was exactly what Mr. Jacobs did mean. It was the one glaring fault, the vulnerable spot, in Joe Louis' defense; but it had escaped observers until it was caught and held motionless by the camera for that brief time by the accident in the projection room—a trivial happening that resulted in one of the biggest upsets in latter-day ring history, the knockout of Joe Louis by Max Schmeling in the Yankee Stadium on June 19, 1936. For Schmeling set to work practicing the perfectly timed right cross that brought him to victory. (Joe corrected the fault in his later fights.)

"It's the little things people ordinarily overlook," my old trainer, Jimmy De Forest, used to tell me, "and you've got to be on the watch

The big surprise—Buddy Baer upsets the champ!

# Big Fights

for them. For instance, when Joe Gans first fought Frank Erne, the great lightweight champion, Erne cut him to pieces. But in the fight Gans noticed Erne had a habit of making an almost imperceptible movement with his left knee every time he shot a left hook for the jaw, his most effective punch."

Gans told De Forest about his discovery and added, "The next time I fight Mr. Erne, I'm going to knock him out with a right cross."

"But suppose," said Jimmy, "Erne don't twitch his knee the next time?"

"He can't help it, Mr. De Forest," Gans replied. "It's one of those involuntary movements, like winking your eye. You just can't help it!"

It was two years later when Gans and Erne met again in the ring at Fort Erie on May 12, 1902. "I was at the ringside, watching carefully," De Forest told me. "At the bell they came out, each cool and wary. Erne jabbed and feinted, but Gans eyed him calmly, his deadly right cocked at just the angle to blast over in a counter. I watched Frank's left knee. Suddenly it twitched as if some one had stuck it with a pin and—*bam!* The next thing I saw was Erne on the floor. He was out cold."

Terry McGovern for years had battered down all opposition, and he had come to regard himself as invincible. So, apparently, had all the other fighters in his class. That is, all but one, a fresh kid from the West fighting under the name of Young Corbett, who had a habit of rapping a tattoo with his knuckles on doors, fences, and anything of the kind he might pass by. On the day of the fight McGovern, following his usual custom, waited in his dressing room for his opponent to go into the ring first. He

**Just trifles—but one made a historic thriller for me!**

**BY JACK DEMPSEY**

SPORTS EDITOR OF LIBERTY

In collaboration with Ned Brown

got the shock of his life when he heard a terrific pounding on his dressing-room door, and his trainer yelled, "Who's there?" Corbett shouted contemptuously:

"Hey, Terry, hurry up! Come out and take your licking!"

This so unnerved McGovern that he lost his head completely in the

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fight and Corbett flattened him in the second round. The funny thing was that Corbett was as scared as any of Terry's opponents.

Old-timers probably never will forget the dramatic twenty-third round in the fight between Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries at Coney Island more than forty years ago. Corbett never tired of telling about it. "I was in rare form that night," he said to me, "and Jeff couldn't lay a glove on me. It was to be a twenty-five-round fight, and in that twenty-third round I felt something touch me on the back and I half turned my head to see what it was. The next thing I knew they were bringing me to in my corner.

"What had happened was that I had backed closer to the ropes than I realized and when my back touched the top rope it surprised me into looking around. In that instant Jeff's ponderous swing connected."

Few persons realize it was a little "involuntary" movement on the part of Luis Firpo that made our fight such a thriller. Firpo probably had the most powerful right I ever stacked up against. When the bell rang, I dashed across the ring at him, winging a left hook. Just then one of his seconds shouted something and Firpo looked in his direction.

I was almost on top of him before he turned his head and saw me. There wasn't time for him to block or duck, but he instinctively shot both hands forward, just as anybody would to ward off something thrown at him. His fists were closed by the tight bandages within his gloves, and I was crouched forward so that my chin came in contact with his right. The impact was enough to drop me to one knee and I—with instinct acting on my behalf this time—grabbed him about the waist as I went down. I pulled myself up instantly. The blow had stunned me, and from then on we just battled on instinct. I think if Firpo had seen me coming sooner he would have tried to block or duck my hook, and the whole manner of the fight would have been different.

Benny Leonard was battling Richie Mitchell in Madison Square Garden in 1921. Before the first round was half over Benny had Mitchell on the deck for the third time. But at the count of nine Mitchell staggered to his feet and brought up from the floor a roundhouse swing that dropped Leonard.

He was barely able to get up at the count of nine, and when he did he found he couldn't raise his arms to fighting position. Standing there with a vapid grin, he could only wave his hands weakly in a motion that looked as if he were beckoning Mitchell to come on. But Mitchell, suspecting a trap, backed away, saying, "No, you don't. You can't fool me into mixing it with you." And he stayed away until the round ended. Benny finally kayoed him in the sixth.

The mere fact that the bell was so placed that the fighters couldn't hear it plainly turned the Joe Louis-Buddy Baer fight in Washington into one of the most controversial ever fought for the heavyweight championship of the world. In the first round Buddy surprised all and sundry by bopping Joe alongside the jaw with a left hook and sending him spinning through the ropes. It took the champion four seconds to disentangle himself and get back into the ring. Shortly after, both fighters thought they heard the bell, dropped their hands, and started for their corners. Referee Artie Donovan called them back.

At the end of the sixth came the incident that caused all the discussion. Louis had been battering Baer. Twice he dropped him. Just as Buddy rose after the second knockdown in this round, Louis was upon him, starting another terrific swing. The bell sounded, but in the din made by the crowd few heard it. Louis declared afterward *he* didn't; at any rate, he smashed over a right to Baer's jaw and Buddy crumpled back to the canvas. This time he was out cold. Ancil Hoffman, his manager, and his seconds sprang into the ring and dragged the limp young giant to his corner. When the bell bonged for the beginning of the seventh round, Hoffman refused to leave the ring. He also refused to let Baer come out for the round, although it is doubtful if Buddy could have.

Donovan ordered Hoffman out of the ring; then, when Ancil stood his ground, Donovan disqualified Baer and declared Louis the winner and still champion.

Incidents like these sometimes lift a fight from mediocrity to greatness. The long count in Chicago; Sharkey's momentary lapse when he turned to complain to the referee in our fight at the Yankee Stadium, leaving an opening for me to knock him out; Max Baer stopping in the heat of battle to yawn insultingly in the face of Primo Carnera—all these were little things that made big fights.

THE END

# CROSSWORDS

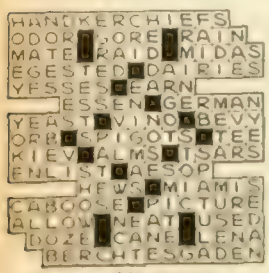
BY LEE PASQUIN

**HORIZONTAL**

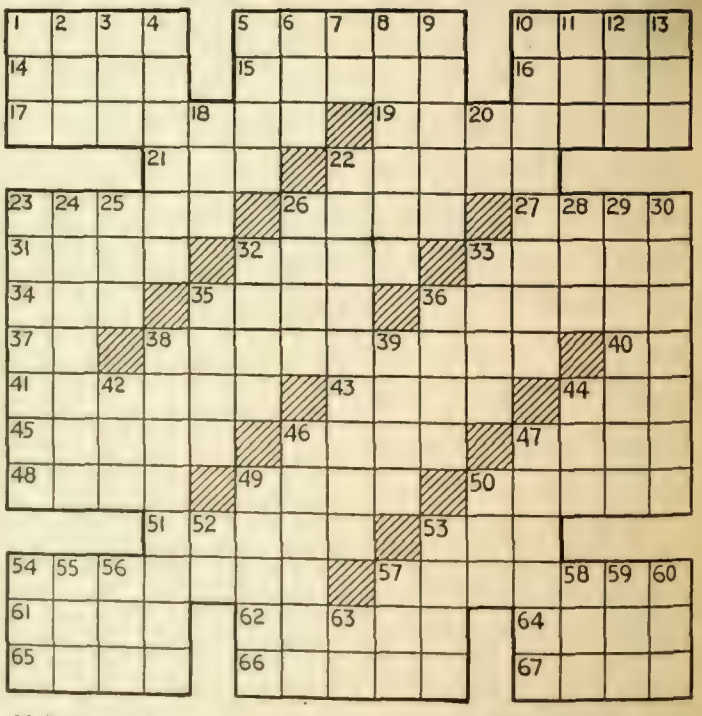
1 On the summit
5 Screen
10 Demonstrate
14 Fortune teller
15 Pertaining to the morning
16 At this place
17 Displays
19 Worked
21 Evergreen tree
22 Cleverer
23 Tendon
26 Fruit
27 Domesticated
31 Above
32 Valley
33 Fashionable assembly
34 Plot
35 Pertaining to the laity
36 Wild animal (pl.)
37 Conjunction
38 Petrify
40 Article
41 Tropical tree
43 Long, heavy hair
44 Wing
45 Smell (pl.)
46 Grieve
47 Row or rank
48 Tidy
49 Tear
50 Grammatical exercise
51 Enzyme
53 Pronoun
54 Flow out
57 Sweetened
61 Pay
62 Public storehouse
64 Knowledge
65 Greek god
66 Tibetan priest (pl.)
67 Paradise

**VERTICAL**

1 Snake
2 Beverage
3 Above (poet.)
4 Supplication
5 Duck
6 Possesses
7 By
8 Thin
9 Growing out
10 Scarcity
11 Possessive pronoun
12 Native metal
13 Marry
18 Condensed vapor
20 Exist
22 Wash for walls or ceiling
23 Wise man
24 Artificial ivory
25 Seine
26 Raised platform
28 Alcoholic beverage
29 State of mind (pl.)
30 Trap
32 Slender artery (pl.)
33 Magnitude
35 Lack
36 Part of a fork
38 Fate (pl.)
39 Earth
42 Extinct New Zealand bird
44 Atmosphere
46 Spanish coin
47 Mexican dish
49 Badgerlike animal
50 Domestic animal
52 Egyptian god
53 Color (pl.)
54 Female sheep
55 Deface
56 Past
57 Watering place
58 Round slender stick
59 Before (poet.)
60 Lair
63 Part of to be




Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

# Defeat and victory...both grow sweeter with a glass of kindly beer or ale

The blare of bands . . . The roar of the crowd . . . The thud of hard young bodies on the autumn turf. It's a great sport!

But, greater than the game itself is the spirit football fosters! For, once the final whistle has blown, friend and foe alike, among the spectators, forget the strife and partisanship of battle over their glasses of mellow beer and ale.

To fight to the bitter end and yet be gracious in victory or defeat . . . *that* is the very essence of American democracy and unity. We, the nation's brewers, are proud that beer and ale are so often the favorite beverages at these autumn gatherings of lovers of good sportsmanship.

Yet, it is only natural that beer and ale should be so honored! Brewed from Nature's rich grains and fragrant hops, beer and ale are delightful to the taste, relaxing, wholesome. But above all, they are the "beverages of moderation," which traditionally go hand-in-hand with a wise and tolerant way of life.

***Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are cooperating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program...described in a booklet sent free on request. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C 10, 21 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.***

(*Continued from page 30*)
stories high, and a narrow wet, rusty fire escape, under which one had to crawl. The mere sight of it made me feel giddy and I suffered from a second attack of that what-on-earth-am-I-doing-this-for reluctance.

But once one has managed to get one's feet over the edge and has grasped the top rung with one's hands without looking down into the abyss, things work out quite smoothly.

I approached the one of the four officers who seemed to me the most enterprising. He was very young but with the aid of a neat nautical beard managed to give the impression of a mature, indeed almost a martial air. His eyes, too, were very promising: blue and friendly, with a tendency to peer into the distance, under the bold high brow, as he spoke.

"It's the navy you are with," he said; "or would you rather be with the R. A. F.?"

I said I'd rather be with him, and besides, "When at sea, stick to the navy!" He liked that. He was twenty-two years old, so he confessed to me finally, an undergraduate from Cambridge; now a lieutenant.

Our powerful engine *————* roared like a Clipper taking off. *————*

☆ AT forty miles an hour the boat cut through the waves, scarcely rocking at all, and with hardly a tremor. It was a curious zigzag course that we made, in obedience to the instructions given by our lieutenant captain through the megaphone to the man at the wheel. He had no map in front of him. He knew his mine fields in detail and by heart.

The crew consisted of eight persons, including the radio operator. They were quite young lads, wearing thick white jerseys with roll collars, and no caps; their hair was blowing in the wind. The gunner's name was George. He sat behind his huge machine gun as if fastened to it, swinging himself in his automatic turret. His head flung back, he sought out enemy airplanes in the skies.

How many pilots have been saved here since the captain took over? Nine in nine weeks—not so bad!

Some distance away from the coast there was a float—Rescue Float No. 10. The small red-and-yellow barge with the cross of mercy painted all over its deck was readily visible. Pilots who were shot down without being noticed by the guardians would paddle to one of those floats moored in various parts of the Channel. Their tiny rubber dinghies filled with air would carry them there; they would stay on the float till one of the rescue boats came to fetch them.

"I don't think we'll find a soul on Noah's Ark today," the captain announced. "We were out this morning and nothing has happened since."

Well, it was interesting enough to see the Ark. In fact, it was interesting enough even to be on this boat, which, with the haughty self-assurance of a battle cruiser, steamed ahead toward a hostile coast.

It was not at all easy to get from the boat to the float, which seemed to dance crazily on the waves, but we managed it eventually. Her cabin was empty. It was a good thing that all her furniture and equipment were fixtures. *I* was not, and consequently flew from one of its corners to another, accompanied by and colliding with the captain, which was rather painful. When I had finally got hold of something reliable, I felt the place to be quite cozy. There were four berths, a radio set, a neat white gas oven, warm dry clothing, one closet containing first-aid materials, another filled with food and thermos flasks. Some ropes and tools were fastened to the walls, and there was a notice at the heads of the berths welcoming the guests. "Although your hosts cannot be present," it read, "they hope you'll feel comfortable in Rescue Float No. 10 and your stay won't be an extended one. They wish to congratulate you on your arrival and assure you that they'll do their utmost to get you out of here soon."

This must make cheerful reading for any one who has just fallen from heaven wondering whether he was not going to hell. A Nazi welcome would sound differently: "The N. S. Rescue Service salute you in the name of the Führer. You are to swim home and report for duty. Heil Hitler!"—or something of the kind. I was told, though, that there hardly existed any Nazi rescue service worth mentioning on the other side of the Channel. Many a Nazi airman had been picked up and saved by H. M.'s boats. "That's why Fritz does not, as a rule, shoot at us," the captain explained; "there is always a fair chance that he would kill one of his own gang."

☆ WE had done our best in acrobatics and returned to our ship. George, behind his gun, gave his captain a skeptical glance. "Not as a rule," he said, "but now and again."

The coast of France was about as clearly visible now as were the white cliffs of Dover. We were in mid-Channel. "That's Nez Blanc over there," I was told, "and this is Calais; you'll see it better in a few minutes."

And on we went, full speed ahead.

There was not a sign of enemy activity anywhere. The German shore batteries were silent; no Nazi ship patrolled this Nazi coast. This was indeed the British Channel, at Calais no less than at Dover.

Calais—it gave you a strange feeling in the stomach. There she was. There were her houses and spires; there was the harbor; and there was a tiny train moving toward the city—a Nazi train moving toward a city stolen and subdued by the Nazis. But thousands of Frenchmen would be waving to us; they would be chalking the V—our V—on their Nazi walls; they would be singing and whistling for us—the victory melody of Beethoven's Fifth—if only we got close enough. How close were we now? We were four or five miles from Calais.

It was no longer raining; in fact, the sun was blazing blindingly in a dramatically gashed sky. If only it had kept away! We could have done nicely without it—but didn't know that then. None of us did when, from out of the Calais air, the Messerschmitts leaped at us.

There were two of them. They came down in a horseshoe swoop. Their crosses and swastikas could be easily distinguished. Their pilots were leaning over the side, faces bent toward us. They could have recognized any one on board. They might recognize *me!* I thought, but didn't move from my spot near the captain, behind George the gunner. Over our deck they swept, at 300 feet, and up toward the sun, and down on us again.

☆ GEORGE, behind his gun, was aiming. There was scarcely any doubt that he could "make" them—one of them, at least.

"You are not to open fire!" The captain's voice was hoarse. "George, do you hear me? You are *not* to open fire. This is an order!"

George, his eyes fixed on the planes, followed their diving, climbing, circling movements; his swinging figure seemed to be one with his gun. Behind me the young fellow at the steering wheel swore softly but audibly. "What the hell are we waiting for?" he said. "For Jerry to take the first shot? And he will, too. It won't be the first time, either!" George seemed to feel the same way. Sitting very erect, holding his breath as well as his gunfire, he looked like a man in pain.

"I *am* sorry, George," the captain said. "God knows, I'd love to shoot; but we mustn't shoot, George, we mustn't!"

There he stood, holding the telescope to his eyes with both hands, and stared blinking into the sun, apparently without paying much attention to the two attackers.

There—the devil knows where they came from—suddenly there they were: two more Messerschmitts at our back, at George's back, rushing toward us, the air full of that buzzing crescendo which the screen has made so familiar to all of us. *————*

The situation was far from cozy. *————* Our captain, however, seemed fully satisfied, almost relaxed. "Ecco," he said, and "That's why, George." He smiled as though all were well now. "I know their tricks."

All *was* well now. To my baffled surprise, the enemy withdrew.

"There is nothing new under this annoying sun, as far as Fritz is concerned," I heard the captain saying. "He'll repeat himself over and over again. Now, this was his good old decoy performance. Those two fellows who arrived first were to draw our complete attention. We were to concentrate on them, to aim at them, even to shoot at them. In fact, he wanted us to shoot. For, while he is not supposed to attack a rescue boat, he'd be only too happy to do so, given

* Deleted by censor

the slightest reason. If we had shot, those two sunny birds would have finished us up from the rear like that." He snapped his fingers.

Even George seemed content. The helmsman, a former bus conductor, turned his wheel. We flashed around and were steaming homeward.

"Are you satisfied with your trip?" the captain wanted to know. "And wasn't it a handsome show?"

"It sure was." I was cold now after the excitement, which as a matter of fact had not seemed like excitement at the time. One is surprisingly calm at such moments and it is only later that one realizes how hazardous things have been.

"Well, if we don't hit a floating mine now," said George, "the fun will be over for today."

It was not, though. We were already approaching the British coast when we heard the sound of an air engine cutting out. At some distance behind us a fighter plane came down in a vertical dive and crashed into the water, black smoke pouring from its tail.

A tiny white spot appeared in the sky, high up, far away; became larger, took shape—the shape of a man dangling from a parachute, but visible only through a powerful telescope.

"Turn, full speed ahead!"

☆ WE turned toward the shifting object. So long as it was shifting all was well. But hardly had it reached the water than the waves seemed to suck it down; nothing was to be seen behind the swirling foam.

I was on the verge of tears from excitement. Where should we make for now? We should never be able to find him, the man who—somewhere or other—hidden from us and lost, was struggling for his life. Was he wounded? Had he been able to release himself from his parachute? I knew that it was easy to be caught up and entangled in the thing before one could unscrew the opening of the rubber dinghy and fill its slack form with air. The plane had fallen not far from us, but the lad had drifted with the wind. Where was he now?

Apparently quite calm, the captain gave orders in a clear voice. He could not *know* that they were correct.

Then the great noise began—the terrific roaring noise. It spelled deliverance! Planes—lots of them, ten, fifteen planes—appeared over our heads. *Our* planes, Spitfires! The R. A. F. was there to show us the way.

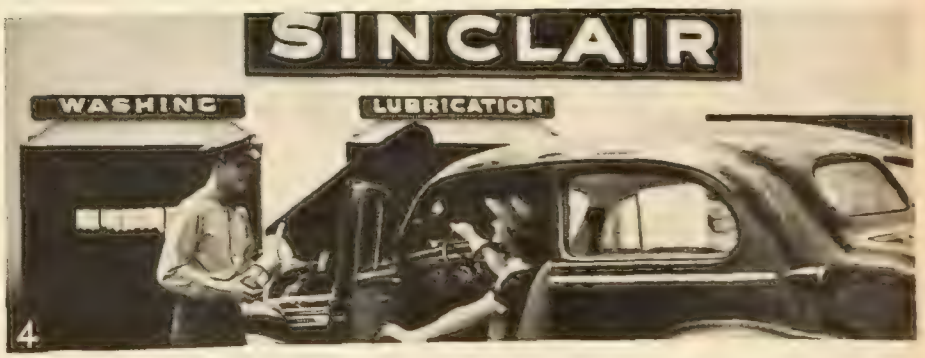
I stood at the rail, overcome by the mighty noise ringing in my ears like the sound of some heavenly orchestra. Never before had I heard such music; all was glory.

Two of the planes dived down, stopping short only a couple of yards above the sea. They described circles, diminishing circles, round a tiny point which they seemed to touch with their wings. Others buzzed around us, flew away from us and then toward us, accompanied us, until at last we saw and recognized our goal—our living, breathing, exhaustedly smiling goal.

Constance Thompson, Stewardess of Sinclair-lubricated Chicago and Southern Air Lines is...

...finding out if she can pilot a plane. She's at the controls of the Sinclair Flight Trainer, which tests flying ability without leaving the ground. Sinclair, a leader in aircraft lubrication, sent this trainer on tour in the...

...interest of National Defense. Sinclair products give safe lubrication for both transport and military planes. Transport planes, for example, fly 80,000 miles daily on Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. To...




...give your car the same protection that costly airplane engines get, ask your Sinclair Dealer for Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. It will save you money by reducing wear and making your car last longer. Try Sinclair Pennsylvania.

The water round about the boy and his dinghy was a poisonous green. From above, even at a considerable height, this little colored lake would be easy to distinguish.

"Are you all right?" Our captain, despite beard and dignity, looked like a nineteen-year-old, so delighted was he.

"Cold," said the boy, his teeth chattering. He held on tight with one arm to his tiny boat. Evidently he had not had the strength to haul himself on "board." But he did catch the rope we flung to him.

"Steady, steady." And there he was. We'd got him. He was safe. He was young, slim. Wet dark hair fell over a fair, clever, and open brow. He kept his eyes closed as, only half conscious, he leaned against the cabin door. He was very pale. From his jacket—the jacket of a sergeant—flowed a blood-red stream, making a hideous puddle at his feet.

But he seemed not to be in pain; he was merely cold, "hellish cold."

My brandy! Thank heaven I had brought it along. "There." He drank it greedily.

Two of our lads stripped the wet clothes from his body, pulled his shoes off, dried his hair. I was anxious about his wound. Ought he not to be kept lying down, I thought, and not moved?

Gunner George had put the rescued boy's arm round his shoulder, propping him up while two others undressed him. For a second he stood there with the upper part of his body exposed. He was not wounded.

It was explained to me that all our pilots carry at the belt a small bag filled with some chemical substance which is dissolved in the water and turns the sea green for a hundred yards around. Nobody flying overhead could fail to notice the spot. When the drying air got to it, it turned red. It was nothing but the remains of this magic powder which made the boy look as if he were exuding a stream of blood from his jacket.

I sat down where I was, *————* and looked on while they brought him a warm brown cloak and laid him down on a mattress opposite me.

And now we began to question him. Where had he been? What had they been up to, he and his comrades? Who had shot him down? Was it the first time he had bailed out?

They had flown out to attack a convoy near the French coast, and had been successful, so it seemed. Then his plane had been hit. *————* "But I still thought I could make it," he said, "when I was suddenly losing height in a hopeless manner." No, he had never before had to bail out. "And, honestly, it gave me a funny feeling. Two thousand feet may not seem much from down here, but from up there it's a lot of air to fall through. May I have my wallet?"

I held the wet and shabby little pigskin object in my hand, with a boy's wrist watch. George had given them both to me.

The watch had stopped. It registered ten minutes past four, the time the boy had bailed out. It was now four twenty-five. But an eternity lay in that fifteen minutes.

"There." I handed him the wallet.

"Imagine," he said, "it's quite dry inside. Not even the writing is spoiled."

He showed me his treasures. A few letters, two photos. One of them showed him with a blonde girl; the other was that of an older woman, dark-haired and with fine bones, like the boy who carried her photo.

His mother. How terrified she would have been, and how overjoyed, if she could have sat here in my place!

"How old are you?" I asked. "What's your Christian name?"

"Twenty-one," he said. "Robert." He bowed slightly, just as if we were meeting politely in society.

There was the coast. It was black with people who wanted to see Robert land. He stood up, swaying a little on his bare feet. He looked now like a young monk on a pilgrimage; his narrow fair face seemed almost transparent against the brown of the cloak.

He went round shaking hands with us. In front of the captain the sergeant-monk put on a military air. "Thank you," he said; "thank you very much."

The captain said, "Don't mention it."

THE END

* Deleted by censor.

Here you see RICHNESS and FLAVOR,
And BODY that men like to savor
And SMOOTHNESS and LIGHTNESS—
The all-around rightness
That's keeping our 5 Crown in favor.

For Seagram bids TOUGHNESS good-bye,
Extra Pleasure's the main reason why
Our 5 Crown is kinder,
So here's a reminder
To "say Seagram's" next time you buy.

Seagram's 5 Crown

SAY SEAGRAM'S . . . AND BE SURE!

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

# The Ten Best Gags of Eddie Cantor

**Liberty continues a thoughtful survey of what some famous folk find funny**

## BY EDDIE CANTOR

who broadcasts every Wednesday evening over NBC Red Network.

☆ PUT a group of people into a room and immediately some one will be reminded of a funny story. Before the storyteller gets to the punch line it will remind his listeners of a gag they would like to tell. However, they are polite and wait until the first storyteller is through before they begin theirs. Put a group of professional comedians into a room and no one has a chance to finish a story because, before the first comedian has a chance to get under way, his story ending is both anticipated and announced. It is very discomfiting to start a story and have some one else finish it. I prefer telling mine on the stage or radio because there is nothing any one can do about it until I finish. At any rate, I have some favorite gags that I like to tell to audiences. You may have heard me tell them before or you may be reading them for the first time. . . .

So here I go—leading with my jokes again.

At the dinner table one evening my daughter Janet observed that the strawberries on the shortcake we were serving were rather small. I glared at her. With fatherly admonition I began my reproach: "Janet, how dare you say that the strawberries are small? Do you know that when I was your age I was lucky if I had a hard crust of bread to eat?"

"Gee, daddy," she answered, "aren't you lucky to be living with us now!"

☆ A YOUNG man who did everything in the world to evade being called by the Selective Service finally got a bright idea. He went to his local draft board and stood in front of the medical officer. "Look!" he shouted. "I don't want to wait to be drafted. I want to enlist right away! I want you to tell Washington to declare war immediately. Put me in the front line—in fact, put me in front of the front line. If you have no guns, I'll tear the enemy apart with my bare fists. I want to get into the thick of the fighting, and the thicker it is the better I'll like it!"

"My heavens, but you're patriotic," said the astonished and admiring doctor. "I've never known any one so brave!"

"You said it," answered the brash one. "But, confidentially, doc, don't you think I'm a little crazy?"

☆ A HOLLYWOOD producer received a scenario called The Optimist. He called his staff together and said, "We must change this title to something simpler. We are intelligent, but how many of those morons in the audience are gonna know that an optimist is an eye doctor?"

☆ THE lady pigeon sat in her nest impatiently waiting for her husband to come home. He was over two hours overdue, and the worm they were to have for dinner was getting cold. Finally he flew up to the tree to face the ire of his wife. "Where," she pouted, "have you been so late?"

"Well, I'll tell you, dear," answered the tardy one. "I was up in the Bronx this afternoon when I started home—and it was such a beautiful day—I thought I'd walk!"

☆ A DRUNK staggered into the Stork Club one night and in a loud voice yelled, "When I drink, everybody drinks!" He summoned every one to the bar—the musicians, hat-check girls, waiters, and guests. Everybody took a drink. When he finished his whisky, he yelled again, "When I take another drink, everybody takes another drink!" Once more every one gathered around the bar. They even called in the taxi drivers, doormen, and a cop from the corner. When he finished that one, the drunk took a dollar out of his pocket and slapped it on the bar. "When I pay," he screamed, "everybody pays!"

☆ TWO weary travelers on the Sahara Desert were blindly stumbling along, praying for an oasis so that they could quench their thirst. Almost delirious, one thought that in the distance he saw a tanned man in a bathing suit with "Lifeguard" written on it. However, he said nothing, because he believed this to be a mirage. As they got closer, both recognized that this was not a trick of nature but that they were facing a lifeguard who was shielding his eyes from the sun as he peered to the east.

"Are you really a lifeguard?" they inquired incredulously.

"Of course," was the calm reply.

"But, man," stuttered one of the weary travelers, "the nearest ocean from here must be over a thousand miles away!"

# Not Malt, Not Rum, Not Wine, Not Nuts,

## *So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"*

6137 No. Meridian St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
June 27, 1941

Larus & Bro., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it *is* tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. *Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!*

*(Signed)* G. T. Fleming Roberts

**NOTE:** Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

**---SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)---**

LARUS & BRO. CO.
310 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia

Please send me, *at your expense*, a generous sample of EDGEWORTH Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

*Name* _____
(Please print your name and address clearly)

*Address* _____

*City or Town* _____

*State* _____ 310


"That's right," proudly answered the lifeguard. "Some beach, huh!"

☆ A PANHANDLER walked up to a man in the street and said, "Pardon me, Bud, but could I have sixty cents for a cup of coffee?"

"But coffee costs only a nickel."

"I know that," answered the panhandler; "but can I help it if I'm a heavy tipper!"

☆ AT the bar of a local café a drunk ordered a Martini. After finishing his drink he carefully bit into the glass and devoured all but the stem. Another drunk carefully observed him do this. The first drunk ordered another Martini and repeated his glass-eating performance—throwing away the stem. The second drunk could stand it no longer and staggered up alongside him. He eyed the first drunk for a while and then hiccuped, "What are you doing? Are you nuts or something? You know—the stem is the best part!"

☆ MR. SMITH and Mr. Jones were in a lawsuit. Once in the courtroom, Mr. Smith turned to his attorney and said, "I just sent a box of five-cent cigars to the judge with a card: 'I'm expecting you to do your best.'"

"But you shouldn't have done that—it's bribery. The judge will send you away for life!"

"Oh, no, he won't," smiled Smith. "I signed Jones' name on the card."

☆ ON a train from Chicago to New York, a young man turned to a rather dignified gentleman and politely asked, "Could you tell me the time?"

"How would you like a good punch in the nose?" was the curt reply.

"But why," asked the young man, "should you talk to me in this manner?"

"I'll tell you why," was the prompt answer. "If I tell you the time, it will lead to some conversation. We'll become pretty good friends by the time we arrive in New York and I'll invite you to my house. You'll meet my pretty daughter and fall in love with her. Then you will come to me and ask for my daughter's hand in marriage. The reason I am now saying, 'How would you like a good punch in the nose?' to your request to know the time, is because I'll be damned if I will let my daughter marry a man who hasn't got a watch!"

☆ TWO horses were talking things over just before a big stake race. "I'm really going to run you into the ground today," said the first horse.

"Oh, is that so!" answered the second. "You haven't been able to do it before."

"That's because I didn't try so hard and, besides, my owner has a big bet on me and this race is just my distance."

Just then a little dog drowsing in a corner of the barn lifted up his head and said, "Say, both of you horses talk too much. Why don't you pipe down?"

"We'll get married Tuesday. I have no calls to make between 3:30 and 4:15."

The two horses jumped back in surprise and stared at the pooch. "How do you like that?" came the hoarse whisper. "A talking dog!"

☆ AN old maid and her cat lived in a suburb of San Francisco for ten years without either one of them ever going out to the street. Finally some friends prevailed upon her to leave her house and go to Hollywood for a week's vacation. Three days after she left Frisco her neighbors received a wire from her. It said, "Having a wonderful time. Please let out the cat immediately."

☆ AN old Negro mammy got caught in a rainstorm in Georgia and passers-by were shocked when she lifted her skirts and raised them over her head. A policeman ran over to her and, tapping her on the shoulder, said, "Look here. What do you think you are doing, standing this way in the rain?"

"Mistuh P'liceman," answered the mammy, "dese yere legs is sixty-five years old, but dis yere hat is bran' new!"

THE END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BY BARBARA PODAWICZ

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

"Give me your hand and I will help you," I called to Julian

# Escape From Hell

**A lovely woman and a child abandoned in mountain snows . . They lived to tell it!**

☆ TO escape in summer, the others argued, might be possible; in winter it was hopeless. But I had made up my mind. I went to see the commissar and asked if I could again go to Lwów.

"In two days," he said, "I am going myself. I will take you and your friend with me in my car."

On the way to Lwów he was very friendly and talkative. Arriving, he put us down in the muddy square. "In two days," he said, "I will be going back and will meet you here. If I miss you, go to this address. I have a room there and I have written that it is my wish that during my absence in Kiev you shall occupy it."

He gave me a paper and drove away. I was unable to keep that appointment two days later. Helen and I went back to Tarnopol by train. But I had established a contact with good friends who would help me get out.

In a few days I packed up my few belongings and with my boy took a bus from Tarnopol to Lwów, where I paid a hundred rubles to have my suitcases carried to the address the commissar had given me. When I got there it seemed as though I had entered paradise. The room was warm. It was in the house of a Polish family and not only had a bed but a bath. As the commissar's guest I had all this for thirty rubles a month. I had brought with me bread and bacon and I had my boy.

For three months I sat in that room and laid schemes for getting across the frontier. I learned the identity of the man who could take me across. He was a peasant who had a small sawmill in the mountains almost on the border line and he was doing a profitable business in smuggling fugitives. But he said he took only men; no women, no children, and no baggage. Every time he came to Lwów I argued with him. Finally he came to me and consented, first warning me of all the dangers.

"I will do it for six hundred dollars," he said. "It must be paid in American money before we start. You must also obtain a GPU permit to go to Turka, the last station in the mountains before the frontier. You will then proceed by train to Turka.

"You must be dressed as a peasant, and the boy too. You must have no baggage, not even one little suitcase. I shall be on the train, but not in the same car. If you should see me you must make no sign of recognition. Before we start I will give you an address in Turka where you can hide yourselves until I come for you."

He spoke again of the dangers. It seemed that the road from Turka into the mountains ascended only halfway, to a point where it met another road running at right angles to it and parallel to the crest. One fork of this road led past his sawmill. There was no path whatever across the mountains. Midway on this parallel road we would leave the sled in which we had been driving and take to the woods, climbing over into Hungary.

"I am afraid of only one place," he said. "It is at the crossroads up there. At that point there is a GPU hut, but in this weather the guards may be inside. If they meet us on the road they will probably make us go back, although I have a story which may satisfy them. But if they catch us after we have left the sled and are in

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the woods, we are sunk. We will be arrested and both of us sent to Siberia.

"The snow will be very deep, but I will carry your son. You must walk, so be prepared. I will lead you across the mountain to the house of my friend in Hungary. From that time you will be on your own."

I had a few days in which to make arrangements. My first need was money. I had large credit with my husband's business connections and there was the Black Bourse through which I could obtain the dollars.

As a last resort I had brought from Warsaw my jewels, which included some very valuable diamonds. When the Russians came to Tarnopol I pried these out of their settings. Burying the platinum and gold settings in the garden, I covered the jewels with cloth, converting them into buttons on one woolen dress. This dress I wore all the time.

It was the middle of January before I could set out on my dangerous trip across the mountains. Meantime a secret Polish organization which had influence with the consulate provided me with a Hungarian visa.

My landlady went with my passport to the railroad office and bought me a ticket to Turka. She found me peasant clothes, a warm broadtail jacket for the boy, and thick felt mountain boots for us both.

We arrived in Turka at night with a snowstorm raging. I made straight for a certain hut my smuggler guide had described. A seedy-looking man opened the door and inspected me closely. Seemingly satisfied, he led me to a room in the cellar where there was a much tumbled bed. There was no heat in the room, so for the three nights and four days we remained there we stayed in the bed, not taking off our clothes. About noon on the fourth day the guide appeared.

I put on my peasant greatcoat, the peasant shawl over my head. We wrapped ourselves also in a waterproof lining taken from an old motor robe. Outside, a small sled, with a boy driving the shaggy horse, was waiting. We climbed in, my boy between us, and the sled started into the mountains. A terrific wind blew and it became steadily colder as the sled climbed higher and higher.

"You see that mountain," said the guide, pointing to an almost vertical slope. "Can you climb up that?"

"Yes," I replied, for in my misery I was ready to attempt anything.

After some hours the road we were on divided at right angles. At the corner I could see the GPU hut.

"They will certainly be sitting inside on this cold day," said the guide, "but if they get us when we turn the corner, I will say we are going to my house. You are to say nothing. The boy must keep silent. After we have gone a short distance, we must jump from the sled and make for the woods. My boy will continue with the sled. If they get us then, it is all up."

His face had gone yellowish green. He was evidently scared to death.

Just as we reached the corner we heard a whistle and saw two black spots approaching. They developed into two GPU men.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

The guide said in Ukrainian, "What's the matter? You know me."

"Oh, yes, we know you. But that woman and that child—where are they going?"

"This is my child and this is my woman. But you know my wife is in Turka. I can't leave this woman with my wife and I can't leave the boy, because she doesn't know he is mine, so I have to take them to my hut."

They seemed half convinced but still wary. "Very well. Proceed."

We went on, but the men followed us. I looked at the guide. His face was a sicklier green than before. He whispered tremulously that there was only one place where we could cross the mountains and we were now approaching it. Presently the horse slowed to a stop. Almost immediately the GPU men were with us again.

"Why do you stop here?"

"The horse is swelling up. He needs food, and if I don't give it to him he will fall down."

He got out and began to feed the horse. It was growing dark. The GPU men finally started back.

"Don't dare to look around," whispered the guide to me after a moment. "This is our chance to make a dash for it. Jump! I will bring the boy."

☆ I LEAPED out—up to my waist in snow. I had jumped into a ditch. I tried to climb out, and finally succeeded. I reached the wood. Then I looked around to see what had happened to my boy. He was following in my footsteps, but the guide had disappeared. The sled, going on at full speed, was vanishing in the twilight.

The guide had dropped the boy in the snow and run into the forest or to the sled. He had abandoned us.

We were alone, deserted, halfway up the desolate northern slope of the Carpathian Mountains. There was only forest around. The snow was up to my hips and the temperature was twenty degrees below zero. It was fast growing dark.

Through a gap in the forest I could see the crest of the mountains against the sky. Beyond those mountains was Hungary. That was our way. I tried to tear a stout branch from a tree, but I was not strong enough. Without stick or pole I started upward, my little boy following. The snow almost reached his shoulders.

"Give me your hand and I will help you," I called to him.

"No, mother," he said; "you have enough to do. I will follow in the path you make."

"You are a good sport, Julian," I told him as I struggled on.

At times the forest slope before us was almost vertical. I seized low branches of trees and pulled myself forward. It was dark by this time, but there was a half-moon and the white snow kept us from bumping into trees. For almost five hours we struggled on. It was midnight, I

think, when we reached the top. I did not know which way to go. Then in the silence I heard, not far away, the falling water of a stream. Common sense told me that if I followed the stream I would reach the level plain.

I found the stream and we started down along its bank. The climbing up had been hard but this climb down was more dangerous and we were more exhausted. The descent became steeper. Taking off my belt, I sat down on the snow, bound my heavy skirts around my ankles, took the boy on my lap, and began to slide down. When the pace grew terrific I braked as best I could with my feet and elbows. My clothes were ripped by sticks hidden in the snow, my feet caught in hidden branches. For hours we went on in this way. Just as dawn was breaking we came out of the forest. Ahead stretched a vast plain.

But there was no sign of a road or a habitation, and we were now wet to the skin, for at the foot of the mountain my stream swerved and we had had to cross it. However, the snow was less deep. Dripping and faint, we plunged on. If we stopped for a moment our clothes began to freeze.

☆ IT must have been about six o'clock when I saw a thin spiral of smoke. A few minutes later the hut beneath it came in sight. At the first glance, never was sight so welcome. Then fear overwhelmed me. Was it a frontier post? Would we be arrested and sent back?

We had to take a chance. Trembling, I approached and knocked on the door. A peasant opened it.

"Where are we? What country is this?" I asked in Russian.

"This is Uzsok," he replied in a Slavic dialect.

Thank God! We were in Hungary. He took us in. His dialect was hard to understand, but he seemed to wish to be kind. He gave us hot water to drink and a piece of black bread. I took off the boy's clothes and wrung them out. The peasant brought out a dirty garment of some sort and, wrapping him in it, laid him on a goatskin above the stove. Almost immediately he was asleep.

Clutched in his arm under his fur jacket I had found his Teddy bear. He had brought it from Warsaw to Tarnopol, to Lwów, to Turka, and had held on to it through all the ordeal in the mountains. He now went to sleep with Teddy, wet and grimy, hugged to his breast. What a boy!

The peasant went out after a while. In an hour or so he returned with another, who spoke Polish. I learned afterward that he was a police spy. He asked no questions, but there was no need, for in my joy I had said that I had escaped over the mountains from Russian Poland. All he said was:

"You will have to come to the police station."

He had a sled outside. In the village police hut were Hungarian gendarmes. They gave the boy chocolate, patted his head. Then they sent us into an inner room.

A Hungarian officer sat at a desk in this room, and beside him stood a man in civilian clothes, tall and blond, with a forbidding expression.

"Your passport, please," the man said in German.

We had escaped the Russian GPU only to fall into the clutches of the German Gestapo. Its representative glanced through the passport. Then he said coldly:

"Your Hungarian visa is false."

Indignantly I assured him I had received it from the Hungarian consulate in Lwów. He merely repeated:

"Your visa is false. Your passport should have been taken up on the train and you should have been sent back."

"But I did not come by train. I have crossed the mountains on foot. I would have come in without a visa if it had been my purpose to evade the law. My visa is genuine. What shall I do?"

"Go back."

"But how?"

"By the same way you came."

I told him he must be joking or trying to frighten me.

"I am not joking," he said. "You may rest here a while, but then you must go."

"But if I get back, the Bolsheviki will kill me."

"That is your affair."

I wept. "Won't you do this for a woman and child?" I asked if he had not a wife and children himself. He merely reiterated: "You must go back."

"Won't you at least let me telephone to our Minister in Budapest? He is a friend of mine."

"This phone is for officials only."

From nine o'clock in the morning until seven at night I pleaded with him. It was not of the least avail. Finally I ceased, from sheer exhaustion. But eight o'clock was his hour for going off duty. Punctual to the minute he departed, first saying to the Hungarian officer at the desk:

"You may keep this woman here overnight, but first thing in the morning you will have her escorted to the frontier and sent back into Poland."

Scarcely had the door closed behind him when the Hungarian officer rose and came toward me.

"Madame," he said in German, "I have a wife and a child like yours. I will send you to the frontier, but to a point where you will find a sleigh which will carry you to the village. My man will take you there and put you on the train to Uzhorod. He will go with you, because out there you might be questioned. At Uzhorod he will see that you get a sleeper to Budapest. I will give you money for the fare.

"I ask of you only one thing: No matter who questions you, tell nobody in Hungary where you crossed the frontier. Say that you don't know.'

I stammered my thanks. He called in a man who put us in a sleigh and did not leave us until we were in Uzhorod in the sleeping car bound

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for Budapest. We arrived early the next morning. I even had money enough for a taxi to take me to my usual hotel.

The reception clerk took one look at my peasant dress. "We have no room for you. You must go elsewhere."

"But I am Mme. Podawicz. I have just escaped from Poland on foot. That is why I am dressed like this. I always stay here. Two years ago I was here in Suite So-and-So. Look in your books and you will see it."

He went behind the screen as though to look, but a few minutes later a man in plain clothes stepped up to me.

"I am from the police. My duty is to take you to a concentration camp."

"You will take me instead to the Polish Legation," I flamed. "The Minister is my friend."

The detective looked surprised. He hesitated, and just then the reception clerk, who had evidently been doing some investigating, called him aside and whispered to him. The man quickly changed his tone.

"In that case," he said, "you yourself can go to the Legation. I will stay here with your son."

My old friend, the Minister, received me with open arms. I returned to the hotel with a secretary of the Legation. "We know this lady well," he said. "Provide her with anything she wishes."

In my suite I rang for "room service." There came a waiter in a Tuxedo who brought coffee, white bread, and butter, sugar and cream—even jam! I called for soap and washcloths and had a hot bath. The coiffeur arranged my hair. I telephoned to a shop where I was known and had them bring me a complete outfit. I also dressed the boy from head to foot.

It was January 19, 1940. I had left Warsaw on September 5, 1939. In Budapest I sold some of my diamonds. I bought new clothes and new baggage. I stayed there until the Germans entered Denmark. Then our cautious Minister in Budapest saw that the war was extending. He advised me to leave Hungary. France was inadvisable for a woman refugee. Yugoslavia was the only other country immediately available. We went to Ragusa.

Before long, practice blackouts began there. We stayed only a month, then took a coastwise ship for Trieste. Thence I went by train to Rome. Our Ambassador in Rome was very kind, but I was still determined to go to America. I had learned that my cousins, the Arthur Szyks, were already in Canada or New York.

The Ambassador telephoned me to get away to Spain. For Italy, war was only a question of a few days, he said. From Genoa we took ship for Barcelona. But there again I was pocketed. I could not get to England and there were no vessels running to America. Everybody was very amiable, but they could give us nothing better to eat than black bread without butter. Before I could determine what to do, my boy came down with scarlet fever.

"You must take him to a hospital," said the doctor I called in; "but I should tell you that I do not recommend our hospitals very highly. However, it is my duty to see that he goes. I will send an ambulance."

"Before you get down to the street to call the ambulance I shall be there out of the window," I told him. "You will leave the boy here."

I went out and sold my best diamond for $1,200, a fraction of its value. I paid the doctor, bought medicines and food, and shut myself up with my boy to nurse him back to health. But first I went to a shop to try to rent a radio set, so that if peril again threatened us I would have some warning. The owner wanted only to sell. I explained my plight to him. He said he would lend me a set and introduced me to his wife.

It was a light case of the fever and the boy was well again much sooner than I expected. I went to thank my kind friends at the radio shop. It came out that madame was a relative of the Brazilian consul. Through her I obtained a visa to Brazil and one to Portugal. After eight weeks I left Barcelona for Lisbon. For an American visa I had been told that I must wait three years.

I went to Brazil; but when the ship sailed it seemed that my whole world had collapsed. But again I was mistaken. Introductions given to me by my new friends in Barcelona and letters they had sent ahead insured me a welcome and newer friends. I stayed in Brazil eight months. Then I was able to procure an American visa. In June I arrived in New York, and my own people met me here. My long Odyssey was at an end.

THE END


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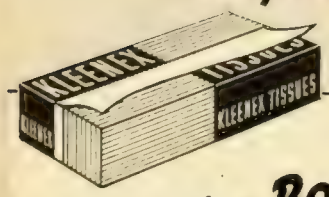


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(from a letter by J. B., Portland, Ore.)

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(from a letter by G. A. T., Clifton, N. J.)

Yoo-Hoo, General!

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(from a letter by F. P. B., Cuthbert, Ga.)

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# This Man's Army

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READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ I AM one of a group of selectees assigned to a former National Guard unit after it had been in service several months. With the exception of a few Regular Army staff officers, all officers and battery commanders are National Guardsmen. No selectee can get a rating until the home-town boys get theirs. As for privileges and furloughs, well, it's hopeless. Consequently, we have more men A. W. O. L. than just about any other regiment you can name.

*Pvt. B. S., Fort Sill, Okla.*

**I can't say that *I* was ever too fond of M. P.s. Just natural cussedness, I guess. I used to think that an M. P. was a necessary evil—like K. P. and cooties. I know better now, of course, although I saw one just the other day "minding his own business at the top of his voice." An M. P. has a job to do: an important job, unpleasant at times, but necessary. He represents authority and he enforces law and order for the good of the great majority who don't need discipline. Few men were ever able to achieve personal popularity in such a position. You'll have to find new friends in your own outfit and console yourself for the loss of the old ones by the knowledge that you're doing a tough job that has to be done.**

Since last December about 400 Selective Service men have been assigned to this organization. More and more it is evident that Regular Army (three-year) men are dirt under the Army's feet as compared to selectees. Platoon and squad leaders have been told not to recommend any man for promotion unless he came from the draft. I don't need any breaks for myself, but I would like to see the Regular Army men get a square deal.

*Sgt. U. M. S., Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.*

**To make the triangle complete, all I need is a letter from a National Guardsman stating that either Regular Army men, or selectees, or both, are being favored in *his* outfit. But none has come in and I can only conclude that the guardsmen are doing all right for themselves. It's nice to know that *some* one is satisfied.**

Will you answer a question of great importance to me and a lot of other men in Military Police companies throughout the United States and the territories? Why is it that fellows who used to be my closest friends now treat me as if I were poison ivy or something? What's wrong with being an M. P.?

*Pfc. A. L., M. P. Co., Fort Shafter, Honolulu, T. H.*

Just how much real enjoyment do you think we selectees get out of the entertainment that is brought here presumably for our benefit? Time after time we've been ousted from our seats to make room for officers and civilians. Is that fair?

*Pvt. B. T., Camp Croft, S. C.*

**Several weeks ago I printed a somewhat similar letter from a lad in the Naval Training Station at San Diego. Ed Cashman, producer of the Kay Kyser program (which was the show in question), wrote me: "All *we* saw was a sea of recruits . . . over 3,000 sailors at each performance . . . we didn't see many officers in *that* audience." And Captain H. C. Gearing, Commandant of the station, informed a reader of this page, "No large blocks of seats were given to any individual, and many of the officers attached to this station refrained from attending the performance in order to ensure that all men of this station would have an opportunity to see the show." Both of these statements directly contradicted "Bluejacket's" complaints. Now, I can only assume that you men write me in good faith. I can't visit every post and I can't investigate every statement you make. All I ask is that you state facts. In this new instance I don't know. How about it, Camp Croft?**

In accordance with recent orders from the Corps Area Service commands, men on active duty with service units may no longer wear the insignia (both shoulder and lapel) of the organizations to which they previously belonged. And nothing has yet been issued to replace those insignia. Our pride is injured. Aren't *all* soldiers entitled to identifying insignia? This may seem a trivial matter but it's important to the morale of the men concerned. I suggest that the War Department take some action and furnish appropriate insignia to be worn by service units throughout the country.

*Tech. Sgt. C. K. R., Harrisburg, Pa.*

**I heartily second the motion. A soldier's pride in his organization is never a trivial matter. I hope the War Department will investigate and authorize distinctive insignia which you can be proud to wear.**

Several years' experience as service officer after the World War leads me to make this suggestion for the benefit of the men now in service. *When you are discharged, have your certificate recorded just like a deed or mortgage.* Many, many veterans have had the misfortune to lose their certificates or have them destroyed by fire. Then, when they needed them urgently, it was not only annoying but sometimes exceedingly difficult to secure certified copies. It would seem to me that the government might very well recommend this action at the time discharges are given.

*R. K. Garfield, Hope, Ark.*

**That is one smart idea. I know of a lot of grief which would have been saved if men had taken your advice.**

A young officer, returning at the last moment from leave, was about to take his place in an air liner when a girl ran up and asked if any of the passengers would be kind enough to sell her his seat, as her mother was dangerously ill and the air liner was filled.

The young officer gave up his seat and wired his C. O., "Gave berth to girl. Returning by next plane."

The reply he received ran: "Congratulations. Your next confinement will be in barracks."

*Sunburst Sentinel, Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.*

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## BREATH OF LIFE—Continued from Page 21

ing over surfaces," he had said, "darting and bloodless, beauty constantly in flight."

She remembered how she had laughed at that. She had asked, "You—like dragonflies?"

He had replied, evenly, that they fascinated him.

A few days ago he had sent her the Flato pin, the dragonfly, jeweled and quivering, slender and bright. It was locked away in her jewel case.

Timothy was excitement; he drove away her boredom; he amused her. She liked the sensation—to continue his absurd analogy—of being "constantly in flight," darting close, darting away. He could not fashion the net to capture her—his were not the hands.

Ron's, she had believed, were. But she had been mistaken. During the first year of their marriage she had come as close to praying as she had ever come in all her life that the miracle would occur, the enchantment descend upon her, the spell be woven. For she had been in love with him, she told herself, and still was. No other man had come as close to stirring her.

So she had prayed with her heart, but had fought with her nerves and her flesh and her blood. Incredible combat, but there it was. It was not her fault; there was nothing she could do about it.

☆ SHE rose and went to her clothes closet. Her frocks hung there in orderly rows, scented, on fragrant padded hangers, and encased in cellophane bags. Her hats sat on their shelves, protected and fragile. Her shoes, encased in transparent silk, slanted on their shelves. In one far deep end of the closet there was a little safe for her jewelry.

She selected her dress and closed the door, rang for a maid. Later, while the water ran foaming and fragrant in the tub, she walked restlessly about the room. In the other end of the closet there was a small wooden chest. It was locked. She had the key.

She thought, her nerves jangled and jarring, *No one would know . . .* Ron might.

But always, after she went to bed, no one. If Ron were here, there was always fatigue, a headache, anything, any excuse. If not, she was doubly safe.

"Isn't Mrs. Lewis wonderful!" some one said to some one else that evening. "She's twice as vivacious as any woman in the room, and she never takes a drink."

At night, after the party was over, after you were alone behind locked doors, you could produce the key, unlock the wooden chest, and measure out the exact amount of your release.

She had such long, curious thoughts, important and revealing, when, in the cool darkness, she lay quiet and alone, her nerves no longer tense, her body glowing faintly with the comfort of utter relaxation. Sometimes she wished she could tell them to Ron; perhaps he would understand then. How you could love some one, yet not love him. How intolerable the realities were. How magnificently you would fashion the world and life, were it in your hands.

They were like dreams, these thoughts. They were freighted with gravity. You could solve all mankind's unhappy problems while you thought them. You could, for instance, define the perfect marriage. . . .

An ivory tower, an invulnerable fortress, laughter, music, entertainment, and an endless and ceremonious courtship. No realities. No pain, no revulsion, no sorrow, no intrusions. No quarreling, no rancor. But always the lovely expectation which left you free, the tiptoe quality of waiting endlessly, without termination, through the years. . . .

In the morning, waking late and slowly, her head aching, her nerves taut again, bitterness in her mouth, she would forget almost all she had thought—or was it dreamed? But she would not forget the comfort and the peace. Then there was the day to be managed. She could get through it somehow. Golf and swim, dance and ride, see a thousand people, listen to gossip, dart away from Timothy, dart back again, amused, because there was no real danger.

Day was a burden and night an escape.

But you couldn't manage wholly. Timothy had warned her. Amabell—even her father, in his quiet way. She was losing Ron . . . and Ron himself had said so. But she couldn't lose him—she must not. She had never wholly possessed him, yet all she had she must keep. He belonged to her—at least, as much as she would permit him to belong.

He had said that their marriage had no meaning.

What he asked of her she would not, she could not, give. But there might be a compromise. He had suggested it, had he not? She thought, Perhaps if I give in that much . . .

☆ IN late July, having come to a conclusion, she went to town and stopped in at the office. She waited—as usual, she thought impatiently—and when she entered found Ron busy on the telephone. Hanging up, he turned and smiled at her. He said, "I didn't expect you, Lydia."

"I know. One of those spur-of-the-moment things. I haven't seen you for a week; do you realize that?"

"Too well," he said.

She sat down and said, "Amabell tells me she kidnaped you the other day and you had lunch together."

"It amounted to just that," he agreed.

"She's a persistent woman," said Lydia. "But I'm not very worried."

"You needn't be."

She knew that. Amabell had said, "I barged into your husband's office

and demanded lunch. This time he gave in. The last time he threw me out and sent me a bill. But he's really too attractive to be let loose in town all summer. You should be glad I'm taking him in hand, and not some one else. . . . Or am I being too optimistic?"

"Did you have fun?" she asked.

"She's very entertaining," he admitted, "although my schoolboy French is not quite up to her sudden excursions into that language. Next time she makes me take her to lunch I'll take along a phrase book."

She said, smiling, "Can you take me today—now? Or aren't you free?"

"Quite free, as it happens, if you'll go at once. I've a consultation at two."

They lunched near by in a quiet, cool restaurant where the service was as excellent as the food and there was no distracting music. After they ordered, Lydia said:

"Ron . . . I've been thinking things over. I was selfish, perhaps—and hasty—but I've changed my mind."

"About what?" he asked blankly.

"Adopting a child. I've been making inquiries. We can take an English refugee . . ."

She had that all thought out by now, and the picture it presented was not unbecoming. A nice child with good manners. A picturesque little boy perhaps, or a small girl, all dimples, fair hair, straight legs, and accent. Several of Lydia's friends had taken English children for the duration. It was not only one's duty—it was also very smart, exceedingly in the mode.

"Of course we'd have to wait; but I'm sure that eventually—"

He said, startled, "I didn't mean that kind of an adoption, Lydia."

"But," she began, "if a suitable—"

He said gently, "My dear, that isn't the point. In the first place, you can't adopt these unfortunate youngsters. They have parents. They have homes. When the emergency is over, they will be sent back where they belong. My idea of adopting a child is not taking a refugee and then sending it home again. My idea was to take a baby as young as possible, adopt it legally, bring it up as our own."

She said, "But that's foolish—the risk and everything."

"What risk?" he demanded.

She said, "Don't be stupid, Ron. There's such a thing as heredity."

Ron shook his head. He said, "Look here. Suppose Bob and Myra Patisen died tomorrow in an accident—"

"But—"

He went on: "Would you consider there'd be any great risk in adopting that attractive boy of theirs?"

"Of course not," she said; "but what has this to do—"

He said: "Myra's father was notoriously unfaithful to her mother, even physically abusive. Also he drank heavily. Bob's own record, as far as drinking is concerned, isn't particularly good. And his aunt is confined in an asylum for mental diseases. Now do you see what I mean?"

☆ SHE saw. She said, "But—a *little* baby, Ron?" She shook her head. "No," she said; "I couldn't."

"I suppose not." He said after a minute, "If you want to take a refugee, I won't, of course, stand in your way. But that isn't what I mean by adoption, Lydia. . . . And you must consider your grave responsibility."

She said, "There wouldn't be as much as if we adopted a child legally."

"More," he said. "Your own children, whether natural or adopted, are expected to share in your fortune or misfortune. They must take what comes. Illness, accident, poverty. That's all right. But a child who is loaned to you—that's another matter, Lydia. No refugee child could belong to you, as it already belongs to its parents or parent. The responsibility is that of a trust."

She said disconsolately, "I thought the idea would please you."

He said, "As I said before, you must do as you wish in this matter. But it is not what I want. Here," he broke off, "comes your ubiquitous boy friend."

Lydia looked up as Timothy Wilson came toward them and, with a nod at Ron, sat down at their table.

"Sorry to barge in," he said, "but I called your office, doctor, and found you would be here. . . . I wondered if Lydia wanted to go to a matinee this afternoon—or aren't you staying in?" he asked her.

She said, smiling, "I might, if properly persuaded."

"Good," said Wilson heartily. "Would you drive down after?"

"Yes—in time for dinner."

"Take a supercargo?" he asked—"If you don't mind, doctor."

"I don't mind at all," said Ron. But he did mind, very much.

---

*Is Timothy Wilson a real menace to Ron's and Lydia's marriage? Or is she just encouraging him to relieve her boredom? Emotions become more tangled and Ron makes some surprising discoveries in next week's chapter.*


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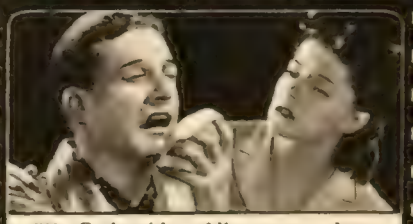

JIM: Gosh, this cold's got me down. I'd better have that prescription filled.

MARY: Yes, and remember, the doctor said to take a laxative if you need one.

JIM: A laxative! You know how I hate to take that awful stuff.

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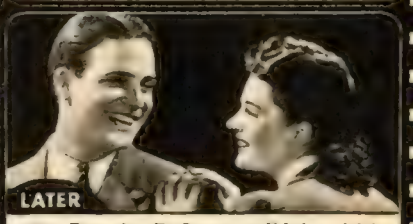


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# Girls get everything Backward

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

. . . Beside him the most wonderful girl in the world, who'd agreed to marry him.

ILLUSTRATOR JAMES SCHUCKER

He walked into the barn, ignoring the weapon. She would know that to shoot now would seal Ham's fate.

**Anything's a relief after thirty years waiting for your neighbor to kill you**

☆ WHEN the knock came, Roberts thought it must be a fisherman from the city lost in the hills. Yet, putting his book face down on the arm of the big chair and taking up the gasoline lamp, he didn't recall having seen any fishing party pass by lately. They generally stopped farther down, where the river was easier to get to, rather than risk Ham Beadle's old high-center road into the canyon with a low-swung modern car.

Roberts opened the door, bracing against it as the wind whooshed in. The white glass shade swung with the wind, almost wrenching the lamp from his hand. A figure slipped in, and he got the door closed. He began saying "Nasty night," but his voice trailed off at the last word.

His visitor was Sadie Beadle, Ham Beadle's wife, who lived down in the canyon. She was a lean woman, dried out and leathery, stooped a bit, sharp-featured, with round black eyes wary like a weasel's. In a shapeless dress faded and patched, her white hair ragged from the wind, she looked like a witch; and even in this moment of surprise Roberts could hardly believe she was only forty-nine. It was even harder to understand how he once had wanted to marry her.

"Hello, Robbie," she said. She was the only one who'd ever called him that; every one else called him Walt. It was strange, hearing that name again. Sadie hadn't spoken to him, or met his eye, since August of 1912. He remembered the occasion well.

She kept looking at him with those round black eyes, somehow like a wild thing afraid yet driven close, like an animal seeking shelter in a cave with him during a forest fire.

"Won't you sit down?" he said, uncomfortable under that gaze and feeling that he should say something.

"Robbie—it's—it's Ham," she said in a desperate monotone. "He stepped on a nail last week, and now—I don't know. I'm afraid. It looks like blood poison. We didn't think much about it until yesterday. And then today—He's so heavy now, you know. I couldn't get him into the wagon. And we'd ought to have a car. I'm afraid."

Roberts nodded. It was thirty-eight miles to town from here, and four more from Ham Beadle's place down in the canyon bottom.

"I'll get a coat," he said, setting the lamp down.

"Wait, Robbie."

He turned. The woman stood there on the Navajo rug, peering searchingly at him, suspicious and wary.

"Robbie, we're old now," she said. "Everything happened a long time ago. I know how you feel. But we're old now. You don't look so old, but I'm old, and Ham's old. And he's all I got."

"The car's out back," Roberts said. The thing made him squirm inwardly a bit.

"You'll really help?" she persisted, crossing to him, actually clutching at him. "This is no time to get even, after all these years. We're old, Robbie. Can't you forget? It all happened a long time ago."

"Come on," he said gruffly. "I forgot a long time ago."

She followed him, doubtful. He went out through the kitchen to the garage in back. The car was new; he'd got it in the spring. He took pride in a nice car, running water and a sewage system, paint on his house, a tight barn, good stock. It was so easy to drift in this hill country. Plenty of

game for the shooting, fish for the catching, wood for the cutting; and you could locate a placer easy enough to pan a little color when you needed a few dollars cash. He was one of the few who hadn't let this California hill country get him. He'd seen too many examples of those who went to seed. Sadie, for instance.

The engine couldn't be heard above the wind. He backed out of the garage, went by the house, and turned past the trunk of the big yellow pine toward the canyon. The road was simply two tracks cut into the red earth, grass growing on the high center between. It was the same road, unimproved, as it had been the last time Sadie sat beside him; and it seemed, curiously enough, that this windy night could almost be that August night of 1912, that this smooth and powerful car could be the spring buggy drawn by the roan mare named —let's see—yes, Nellie. Lines looped around the stock of the buggy whip and Nellie plodding along, and beside him a slender girl with bright black eyes, the most wonderful girl in the world, who'd agreed to marry him.

Of course he was, he'd known that night with the cockiness of youth, a catch for any girl, if you come right down to it. He was a dead shot. He knew some things about trapping that were the envy of the old-timers. He could get more salmon during the run than any other man in the country. And he could fight. He'd whupped the livin' daylights out of Ham Beadle out behind the dance hall in town Fourth-of-July night, and Ham Beadle was no slouch with his fists. It was after that that Sadie agreed to marry him. A girl in the hill country liked a man who'd fight it out for her.

Walt Roberts wondered now—as, slowing to a crawl, he tooled the car into the abrupt descending curve at the lip of the canyon and started the twisting four-mile descent—what his life might have been with Sadie if Ham Beadle hadn't shot him.

He remembered he was fishing that day on a shelf rock overhanging a pool, fishing and dreaming about Sadie, when he heard the shot—and looked up to see Ham's round red face peering over his rifle sights from a thicket on the canyon wall. His knees gave way before he realized that Ham Beadle had shot him. There was no pain, no bodily sensation at all. He sank to the rock, exasperated that he hadn't been on his guard. He'd expected Ham to try to get back at him for the licking, but the idea of shooting hadn't occurred to him. He'd just been innocent, caught with his pants down, the very worst thing that could be said about you in the hill country. Rolling from the lip of the shelf rock, he fell to the pool, feeling only exasperation.

There were hazy, nightmarish patches of memory about what followed. The river rocks striking at him as the current bore him down . . . . clinging to a sand bar, very drowsy, wanting to sleep but driven by something that wouldn't let him . . . . crawling, eternally crawling, mechanically crawling through years and eternity, not for life as such but simply because it was intolerable to die from having been foolish. And when finally he collapsed at the door of Grizzly Al's cabin, he knew he'd won out and that his turn would come.

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

The next thing he remembered was a pair of gray eyes. They came to belong to a face which was part of a very pretty nurse named Miss Riker.

He'd been in the hospital four days when his brother Ed arrived from Carson City.

"Who done it?" Ed asked as he came into the room.

"Please," Miss Riker said, "no talking."

"This is something that has got to be settled, and I've got to know before it's too late," Ed told her bluntly. Lying there, Walt Roberts was proud of Ed. The Robertses knew what to do. "Who done it, Walt?"

Walt Roberts calculated, looking up at his brother. "I'll tend to him myself," he said.

When his brother Ralph got in from Soda Springs next day, there was

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essentially the same scene; and it was repeated a week later when his brother George arrived from El Paso. The three came in to see him every afternoon, and it was a private source of amusement to him that they were staying until he died. He knew he wouldn't die. When, two months later, the doctor also knew it, the brothers decided to go back to their homes.

"You must of knowed all along," George said, when the three came to say good-by.

"Yes."

"Hell!" Ralph boomed proudly. "You couldn't kill Walt off while he had some unfinished business to tend to!"

So the winter passed, and in the early spring Walt Roberts was ready to go home. He sat on the yellow sandstone steps of the hospital in the soft morning sunlight, talking with Miss Riker. For some time, when the doctor wasn't around, he'd been calling her Louise. Though he'd come to know her well during the long months—so well that he often wondered how he'd ever thought he was in love with Sadie—she was a puzzle to him.

☆ IT wasn't important to him any more that Sadie had never come to see him. It didn't even hurt much to know that, less than a month after he'd been wounded, Sadie had married Ham Beadle. He could see now, at this distance from her—and this close to Louise—that Sadie was really not the woman for him. He didn't mind a girl taking the man who proves himself best in a fair fight. That was only natural. But Sadie must have been pretty trashy, after all, to take up with a bushwhacker. She'd guess where Ham Beadle suddenly got the cash to buy a brand-new Model T with gleaming brass radiator and varnished dashboard. As a matter of fact, maybe *she* had taken the quart bottle from its hiding place under the cabin floor. Before his brothers had left, Walt Roberts had had them go to the cabin for the bottle, and they'd reported it gone. Sadie had known where that bottle was, with its gold dust he'd been saving up for getting married on. Of course, at the time Sadie and Ham got married up and bought the car and went to San Francisco for a honeymoon, Walt Roberts had been expected to die any minute. She would figure, naturally enough, that gold was no good to a dead man.

"You're going — back?" Louise asked, as she sat beside him.

"Yes."

"It won't do any good, Walt."

"I've got to go back."

"Go back to kill! Go back to get even! Go back to show you're not afraid to go back!" she cried. Then she took his hand, and he'd never seen her gray eyes so wide. "Is that more important than—than *anything?*"

He swallowed, baffled. He loved this girl, and she was the most important thing in the world to him. But he couldn't understand her. She didn't look at things right. Everything was backwards with her. He'd told her about the wonderful hill country, where you could get by without half trying. Plenty of fish and game for the taking. Let your hogs run wild and no bother at all. Go out with dogs and a rifle at hog-killin' time, and you've got your winter meat, what with a few deer and maybe a bear. Just eat and sleep all winter long, except you always have a time for yourself on New Year's and stay drunk for a week. No worries like town people have.

He'd painted this lovely picture for Louise, and what happened? She thought it was just horrible. She thought it was awful, lying around and going to seed. Didn't the land grow things? Well, then why not farm it? Wasn't there more in life than just keeping alive?

Walt Roberts couldn't understand it at all. He'd thought he was pretty

## QUESTIONS

**Gregory Pinquetea, our question expert, missed only No. 3 of this quiz. Count triple if you get this one right. Of this question, Mr. Pinquetea declared: "I wouldn't make a good crook anyway."**

1—"I am trying to die, but I simply can't do it," was the comment of what English wit on his recent eighty-fifth birthday?

2—Tomahawks were weapons of the Indians. But in what way are the British using "Tomahawks" in the present war?

3—Following the theft of gems by an unknown invader of a private home, police found a clue which led to the thief's arrest. "I was dumb," he said. "I neglected to wear an important article of clothing." What did he forget?

4—When a draftee says he is going "blind flying," what is he likely to mean?

5—Which European nation recently celebrated its 650th year of freedom?

6—To what peculiar uses does the kangaroo put its long and hefty tail?

7—The well known cry, "Go West, young man," was changed not long ago to "Go West, young woman." What was the cause of this new version?

8—Is the grape a fruit, a berry, or a vegetable?

9—Does the Bible state that Jonah was swallowed by a whale?

10—The name of what famous Shakespearean character describes a type of civil community?

11—How many World Series have been won by the New York Yankees?

12—If a friend told you he had visited "the roof of the world," you would know he had been to what famous but little-known Asiatic country?

13—What do sailors sometimes refer to as the "horse latitudes"—and why?

14—Where was the Venus of Milo found?

15—Has Herbert Hoover a middle name, and if so, what is it?

16—If the thermometer could drop to 459.6 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, it would have arrived where?

17—Which was the first state to ratify the federal Constitution?

18—"The course of true love never did run smooth" is from what author?

19—Why do we call it "potter's field"?

20—How long is it from new moon to new moon?

*(Answers will be found on page 56)*

much of a man, and she talked to him as if he wasn't worth his salt. He wanted her respect. If he could get her into the hills long enough to lose some of her town ideas . . . . But she just wouldn't listen. She had everything backward. She couldn't even understand why a man had to go back and settle up with Ham Beadle.

The hack was coming around the curve now. Walt Roberts arose from the yellow sandstone steps and lifted Louise to her feet, showing her how strong he was even after a winter in the hospital.

"Walt," she said, "you asked me to go back with you. I can't do that. But I'll go anywhere else in the world with you."

His throat was dry and it was hard to speak. "I've got to go back."

"You can't ruin your life on account of a man like that! You'll end up in prison on account of *him!* You don't have to do this thing. Ham Beadle will get his retribution without you sacrificing yourself for it!"

"I'll—come back."

"No." She shook her head definitely. "If you go through with this, I don't want you back."

"Well, good-by," he said, and climbed in the hack. Damn all women, anyhow! What'd she know about what a man *had* to do? Why, a man couldn't live without getting even with Beadle.

☆ THAT had been the spring of 1913, and a long time ago. And when he'd come back the hill people knew why he was back. So did Ham Beadle. They knew he was waiting for the proper moment. Hill people have infinite patience. And now he was driving down the twisting canyon road, with Sadie beside him, on an errand of mercy. Ham Beadle had an infected foot. Fat people had trouble with their feet, he remembered Louise saying. Maybe the weight. Ham Beadle had gained two hundred pounds during the years.

Some part of the car thumped on a rock on the high center, and Roberts braked down. The wind roared through the pines and whipped at the brush. The twisting downgrade unrolled. A sudden flurry of dust came, and as Roberts jammed the brakes the car dipped low and hit center again. They'd gone perhaps another half mile when he noticed the needle of the oil gauge. It was at zero. He switched off the key and coasted, leaving the engine in gear as a brake.

When they reached the canyon floor he started the engine again and ran the car the quarter mile to the house. He hadn't seen Beadle's place since the day of the shooting, but as the headlights picked it up he noticed few signs of change. A small front porch had been added, but one of its supports was gone and it sagged. He turned into the yard through the grape-stake fence, and his headlights swung past the open end of the shed-roofed barn, passing by the cow and the two horses and, at the north end, the old Model T. It had never been run since Roberts got back.

He stopped by the house and got out. Sadie hurried up the slope to the well and returned with a pail of water. Roberts kneeled at the car and flashed his torch underneath; then he arose and followed her inside. She was still carrying water downhill, as the Beadle women had always done. She got a lamp going in the kitchen, and went into the bedroom.

☆ HAM BEADLE was a mountain of a man, lying on a bed whose sagging angle-iron sides had been reinforced with pine poles lashed alongside. He turned feverishly on the bed, groaning, clutching at his eyes and swearing at the light of the oil lamp.

"Ham, I got—help," the woman said. "We'll take you to town."

Ham Beadle's eyes were tiny in the great flushed expanse of the face. They opened, squinting, and then became round on recognizing Roberts. He began cursing.

"He didn't want me to come to you," Sadie said to Roberts. And then, to her man: "It's the only way, Ham. He's got a car. We got no time for a trip in the wagon."

Beadle lay there, breathing heavily, looking upward from his hot pain at Roberts. To accept help from this man was the last thing he could do.

Roberts saved the man from doing it. He said, "I'm sorry. We'll have to use the wagon. I knocked a hole in my oil pan coming down."

Beadle lay there considering this. "You come to see me die," he said. "You've waited quite a spell for this night, Walt."

"No; I came to help. But my car's out of commission. The oil pan—"

"You drove the car to here all right!" Sadie cried shrilly. "It run all right!"

"I would burn it up on the grade going back," Roberts said. "It would do no good to start out and get only part way to town. We'll hitch up the wagon."

"You come to see me die," the big man said from the bed.

The woman cried. "You've waited for this! You've waited thirty year for this!"

Roberts went outside and flashed the torch under the car again, hoping his first survey hadn't been as bad as it appeared. It had come to him that there might still be oil in the old Model T. A couple of quarts would save his engine until he got to


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Copr. 1941, Luden's, Inc.

town, if he could plug the hole in the pan. But, looking again at the irregular gash a sharp rock had made in the metal, he knew it couldn't be repaired outside a shop, even temporarily.

"Robbie," said a flat voice.

He looked up sidewise from his kneeling position. The woman was standing with a rifle, her gaunt frame tense.

"You ain't comin' here to gloat over him! You waited thirty year for it, but it ain't going to work out that way! You help git Ham into that car, and we're going to town!"

"The oil pan—"

"I don't give a damn about the oil pan! I know cars run, and I know this one either will or you'll wish it had!"

"It will burn out on the grade—"

"If it does, you'd better start prayin'! You can make that car go, and you'd better not try any tricks with it. . . . Robbie," she said, her voice lowering, "I know how you feel and I'd feel the same in your boots. But you ain't got no choice."

Roberts had the thought of disarming her, but as he took a step forward she sidled warily, gesturing with the weapon toward the house. She knew haw to use a gun. All hill women did.

"There's a chance," he said. A fantastic idea had come—an idea grotesque with irony. He said, "We might start the old Model T."

"No! You've got a good car!"

"Look, Sadie. My car is out of commission. Shooting me won't fix it. You can shoot me before I'll try to fix it. But we might start that Model T."

"That car ain't run for thirty year."

"I know." He walked past her into the barn, ignoring the weapon. The woman would know that to shoot him now would seal Ham's fate.

☆ TIRES of the old car were rotted. Rats had eaten at the upholstery and chickens roosted in it. But he saw on raising the hood that the engine hadn't been robbed. Under the circumstances he'd felt it wouldn't be. The car was a symbol of the long feud. There was but one road out of the canyon, and it ran directly in front of Roberts' place. Ham Beadle was not one to provoke the man he'd shot by driving past in that car. For all these years he'd used a saddle horse, or team and wagon, for his trips outside, and had passed in the night.

With the light of his torch Roberts now checked the simple wiring. It was intact. He lifted out the spark coils and with the nail-file blade of his penknife cleaned the points. The knife was a gift from Louise. She'd given it to him Christmas time at the hospital, and had laughed at his fears that such a gift would cut their friendship. Stooping, he tried the pet cocks of the oil sump. A thin brown stream still ran from the top one.

"Wrench?"

The woman rummaged about and produced a rusty affair. Roberts took off the timer, wiped it out with his handkerchief, and replaced it.

"Gasoline?" was his next request.

"What would we have gasoline for?"

"Get a dishpan and a nail."

"There's a nail in that box on the wall. You get the dishpan and I'll follow behint you."

Roberts put the pan under the tank of his car and with the wrench drove the nail through the metal. He whittled a wooden plug as a stopper. It took five trips to fill the tank of the Model T. He blocked one rear wheel and jacked up the other.

Then he set the spark and gas levers on the steering column, pulled the choke wire and heaved on the crank.

The engine was frozen tight. He backed the crank half around, stood on it, and gave it all the strength of his leg. It moved a trifle.

Tapping the end of the wrench with a rock, he broke the rusted plugs free, drained a little oil from the sump, and put a dribble into each spark-plug hole. Then he worked the engine around again with his foot on the crank. When it began to loosen up, he replaced the plugs, pulled the choke, and whipped the engine over. After a bit it coughed, and he breathed a sigh of relief. The magneto, then, was still good. It coughed again, bucked, caught hold. He nursed it along, jiggling the choke wire until it ran well enough for him to pull down the spark lever. He stopped the spinning rear wheel with the hand brake, and took the jack down. He got in and backed into the yard.

"All right; we'll get Ham out here."

☆ HE came back from town next morning in the garage tow car. It had been a hard trip in the night with the Model T, metal rims clanging against the road. The jolting had been hard on Ham Beadle, with that leg. The tension had been hard on Roberts as he tried the ancient lining of the low pedal against the four-mile grade getting out of the canyon.

"You'll find the car down in the canyon at the end of the road," he said to the garageman, as he got out at his house.

He went into the house.

Louise asked, "Is he all right?"

He shrugged. "They won't know for a while." He noticed that her eyes were still wide and gray after all the years. "How did you know? I thought you were asleep when Sadie called."

"No; I heard her come in. I'm glad you did what you could."

"What else could I do?" he said. He was remembering that day in the spring of 1913 when he'd said good-by to her and got into the hack. And how, at the railroad station, he'd called up to the driver on the high seat: "Go back to the hospital!" And how he'd met her in the corridor, and she'd come into his arms, and he'd said, "You've got funny ideas for a girl, but I'm willing to give them a try. And will you now go back with me? Ham Beadle won't never bother me, on account of he'll think I told my brothers about things, and they'll get him if he gets me. And I promise never to lift a finger against him. And if you don't like the way we live up there, then I'll live your way. I've got a good piece of land, if I've got to be a farmer to suit you."

After that had been the years that were so full to look back on. Raising the two sons and the daughter who were married now and moved away, with families of their own. He'd often thought he owed Ham Beadle something. If it hadn't been for Louise, he'd have been a hillbilly all his life.

"Poor Ham," he now said. One thing he'd never told Louise was how he'd figured things out as he rode to the station in the hack. He'd seen that Louise was right; that Ham would pay back, and in full. Judging by hill standards, Ham would expect Walt Roberts always to be waiting patiently for the right time. During the long ride to town in the thumping old car, Roberts had whiled away the time by figuring up the price of the Model T against all the years of living in fear of retribution. Break that down into so much a day, and Ham Beadle had got no bargain.

"He'd paid enough on my account," Roberts said. "I didn't want his life on my head."

THE END

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 54

1—George Bernard Shaw.

2—They are a type of American-made plane now being used by the British.

3—He forgot to wear gloves. He left his fingerprints and thus was tracked down by the police.

4—That he has a blind date.

5—Switzerland; August 1.

6—As a prop when sitting down, as an aid while walking, and as a stabilizer and rudder when leaping.

7—The Census Bureau reported there was a scarcity of women in the mountain states of the West.

8—A berry.

9—No. It states that he was swallowed by a "great fish."

10—Hamlet.

11—Eight.

12—The plateau of Tibet.

13—It is an area, just north of the equator, noted for sudden calms. In early sailing days, ships would be becalmed there and, to lighten their cargo, would throw overboard the horses they were transporting to the New World.

14—On the island of Melos, Greece.

15—Yes; his middle name is Clark.

16—It would have arrived at "absolute zero," the point at which, theoretically, all molecular action stops.

17—Delaware was the first to ratify, December 7, 1787.

18—It's from Shakespeare's A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

19—The thirty pieces of silver rejected by Judas in the Bible were used by the priests to buy some land from a potter. This land was used as a burying ground for strangers.

20—The average time is 29 days, 12 hours, and about 44 minutes.

## INCREDIBLE GREGORY—Continued from Page 23

friends, if the worst should come to the worst, Gregory Ratoff would rather go through another revolution or even—even, my friends, and so help me, I mean it—Gregory Ratoff would even consent to work again for the Shuberts."

That any man, least of all a Russian, should prefer "another revolution" to a job with the Messrs. Shubert may appear strange; but then, Ratoff's is a very, very strange case.

The western world first became aware of Ratoff's existence in the spring of 1920. On an April evening of that year the audience of a second-rate musical hall in Berlin was told that the management, ever on the lookout for new talent and regardless of the expense involved, was proud and happy to present "Herr Doktor Gregory Ratoff, one of the greatest actors produced by the Russia of the Czars." Ratoff had just celebrated his twenty-third birthday. His stage experience in the Russia of the Czars was limited to carrying a spear in Aïda. His German was atrocious, his wardrobe worse.

All Russians are supposed to be great dancers, but Greg was—and still is—an exception. He could not dance at all, and his ability to carry a tune was challenged by every orchestra leader between the Ural Mountains and western Germany. His shortcomings were obvious, but so was his showmanship. The good Berlin burghers and their fraus could not understand a word he said. He was trying to tell the story of his escape from the Soviets, but they laughed uproariously. There was something about him—possibly his great homely head, probably his brazen onslaught on the language of Schiller and Goethe—that sent them rolling in the aisles. They shouted for an encore. Herr Doktor obliged. He sang a Caucasian song about a half-witted Armenian who swore he would commit suicide should he ever see a chicken crossing the main thoroughfare in the city of Tiflis. The song made little sense in Russian, none at all in Ratoff's German; but the audience went wild. The manager could not believe his ears. He had hired Herr Doktor because he knew of no other way of getting rid of him; but there he was, taking a dozen curtain calls. . . .

Lee Shubert was the first Broadway producer to recognize Ratoff's histrionic abilities. The two men met each other in Rotterdam, where Ratoff was singing, this time in Dutch, the stand-by of his repertory, the song about a half-witted Armenian. Both the song and the singer made a great impression on Mr. Shubert. He offered Ratoff a six-months contract at seventy-five dollars a week. "Nothing doing," said Ratoff. He wanted two hundred and fifty dollars a week, a three-years contract, and he wanted something else besides. A year before in Berlin he had met a Russian actress by the name of Eugénie Leontovich. He was certain he would marry her if he should ever meet her again; hence he wanted a three-years contract for her, too.

"You're crazier than that Armenian you sing about," said Shubert. That was that. Shubert went back to America; Ratoff went merrily on his way, slaughtering every European language between the Arctic Ocean and the Bay of Biscay. He did meet Miss Leontovich again, married her just as he said he would, and it was while they were appearing in a Russian revue in Paris that Lee Shubert decided to bring their show to New York as competition to the then fabulously successful Chauve Souris. Unlike the Chauve Souris, the Ratoff-Leontovich revue failed to attract the customers. It folded up in two weeks, and Messrs. Shubert offered the actors either six months' pay and a return ticket to Europe, or a twenty-five-dollars-a-week job with one of Shuberts' musical shows. Ratoff and Leontovich were the only ones to choose the latter opportunity. They joined the number five road company of Blossom Time and stayed with it for four years. From September until late in May they would travel from coast to coast and play in towns not to be found in an average atlas. Early in June they would return to New York to have their contracts renewed and their costumes dry-cleaned. "One


ON THE AIR AND EVERYWHERE, IT'S—

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YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

IT'S a fact—all smokers *sometimes* inhale. More smoke reaches delicate nose and throat passages. And *chances* of irritation *increase! But now look at the findings* of eminent doctors who compared five leading brands of cigarettes... and report that:

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS—IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED THREE TIMES AS HIGH—AND LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Some inhaling goes with smoking... but worry about throat irritation need *not* go with inhaling. Change now to PHILIP MORRIS — for pleasure *without penalties. Why wait?*

# HOW TO GET KISSED BY ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE!

**I DON'T UNDERSTAND WOMEN,** Professor Meek admits. When I'm forced to meet the wife of an old student, I always say something wrong. I told young Dave Ward's wife her card sense might improve if her lighting were better.

**"IT'S ALL DAVE'S FAULT!"** she said. "He took the 100 watt bulb for his workbench!" "Darling," said Dave, "you snatched that bulb for the kitchen, and I can prove it!" With that I excused myself.

**IN 5 MINUTES** I was back with 7 new G-E MAZDA lamps for 99¢. "A small expenditure," I said, "to avoid much bitterness!" "You're sweet," she said—and kissed me! Dave said, "Trust the Prof to know the economic way to avoid bulb-snatching!"

*Why be a bulb-snatcher, now G-E MAZDA Lamps stay brighter longer and cost as little as 10¢?*

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LOOK HOW MANY YOU GET FOR 99¢

ABOVE PRICES APPLY TO INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS

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GENERAL ELECTRIC


more year with Blossom Time," says Ratoff, "and I would have been able to recite the names of all the towns in North Dakota in alphabetical order." Unfortunately for the State of North Dakota, some evil genius in the Shuberts' office in New York suddenly decided that what the number five company of Blossom Time needed most was new faces.

"Oh, sure, sure," agreed Ratoff. "We certainly can do with some new faces. How about giving me a bigger part?"

When it finally dawned on him that the acquisition of "new faces" meant no more Gregory Ratoff, he tried to say something, but no words came out of his mouth. He staggered out, hatless and coatless, and spent the rest of the day walking up and down Broadway. "I did not mind being out of a job," he recalls, "but what nearly crucified me was that nobody gave a damn about me. . . . The buildings were still standing where they were standing before. The cops were still directing traffic. The people were laughing."

☆ THE failure of the world to react to his dismissal with at least a local earthquake seared Ratoff's heart. His whole outlook on life changed overnight. From then on it was to be one continuous gigantic battle between the legions of Evil and Gregory Ratoff. The first few rounds were Evil's by the widest possible margin. Everything Ratoff tried seemed to be doomed. He produced half a dozen plays, and none of them reached Broadway. He conceived one thousand and one brilliant theatrical ideas, but all of them died from malnutrition because no one, not even Phil Baker and Ben Bernie, who financed his plays, would lend him another nickel. Things had reached such a point in the late 1920s that the very news of Ratoff's arrival in New York, Chicago, or Detroit would precipitate an immediate exodus of all would-be angels. When the year 1930 arrived, he was still in there, making feeble attempts at trading punches with Evil; but it was obvious that the referee was about to stop the fight. And then, all of a sudden, things began to break Ratoff's way. His wife scored a triumph in Grand Hotel in the part which Garbo was later to play on the screen. And immediately afterward Ratoff stumbled across a brand-new angel and was able to buy the Chicago rights in Girl Crazy. It was while he was preoccupied with that latest venture of his that he received a long-distance call from Al Lyons, the Hollywood agent. "David Selznick wants you to play the old Jewish father in Symphony of Six Million," shouted Lyons, "at twelve hundred per week. When can you leave for Hollywood?" Ratoff left for Hollywood that very night. His understanding was that Selznick guaranteed him at least six weeks' work. When he alighted at Pasadena and was duly met by the RKO officials, he smiled broadly. This was, he conceded, Ratoff's round. He was driven straight to the studio, taken to the make-up department, then put on a stretcher and brought on the set. Ricardo Cortez, dressed in the white garb of a surgeon, was waiting for him.

"When do I rehearse my lines?" he asked. "You've got no lines," was the curt answer. "You go on the operating table, let Cortez perform an appendectomy on you, and then you die." Ratoff leaped off the stretcher with a terrifying yell. Was that what he had traveled three thousand miles for? To be operated on by Cortez and die half an hour after his arrival? He was going to kill that man Selznick. The very cheek of his guaranteeing six weeks' work! It took the combined forces of the whole RKO staff of executives to quiet Ratoff and explain to him that the fact of his sudden death

"Are you two together?"

did not preclude further work. It so happened, pointed out Selznick, that it was more convenient to begin the shooting with the very last scene of the picture. Ratoff climbed on the operating table grudgingly. He still suspected that something was radically wrong about the whole business. His suspicion became a certainty when, at the end of the week, he was advised by the legal department of RKO that his salary had been attached by a man called Feldman, a lawyer for Ratoff's numerous creditors in the East.

"Listen," said Ratoff. "He can attach me as much as he wants; I am ready and willing to be the most attached man in Hollywood. But I want my money. When do I get it?"

Slowly and carefully, and speaking mostly in two-syllable words, the RKO lawyers explained to the "most attached man in Hollywood" that he was not going to get his money at all; that, in fact, the money was not his but his creditors'. Ratoff tore his hair. The round was Evil's, after all. But before it ended he was determined to do one

thing—to kill that man Feldman. The Feldman-Ratoff conference produced fully unexpected results. Feldman survived, but Ratoff remained the most attached man in Hollywood. He was allowed by his creditors just twenty dollars a week.

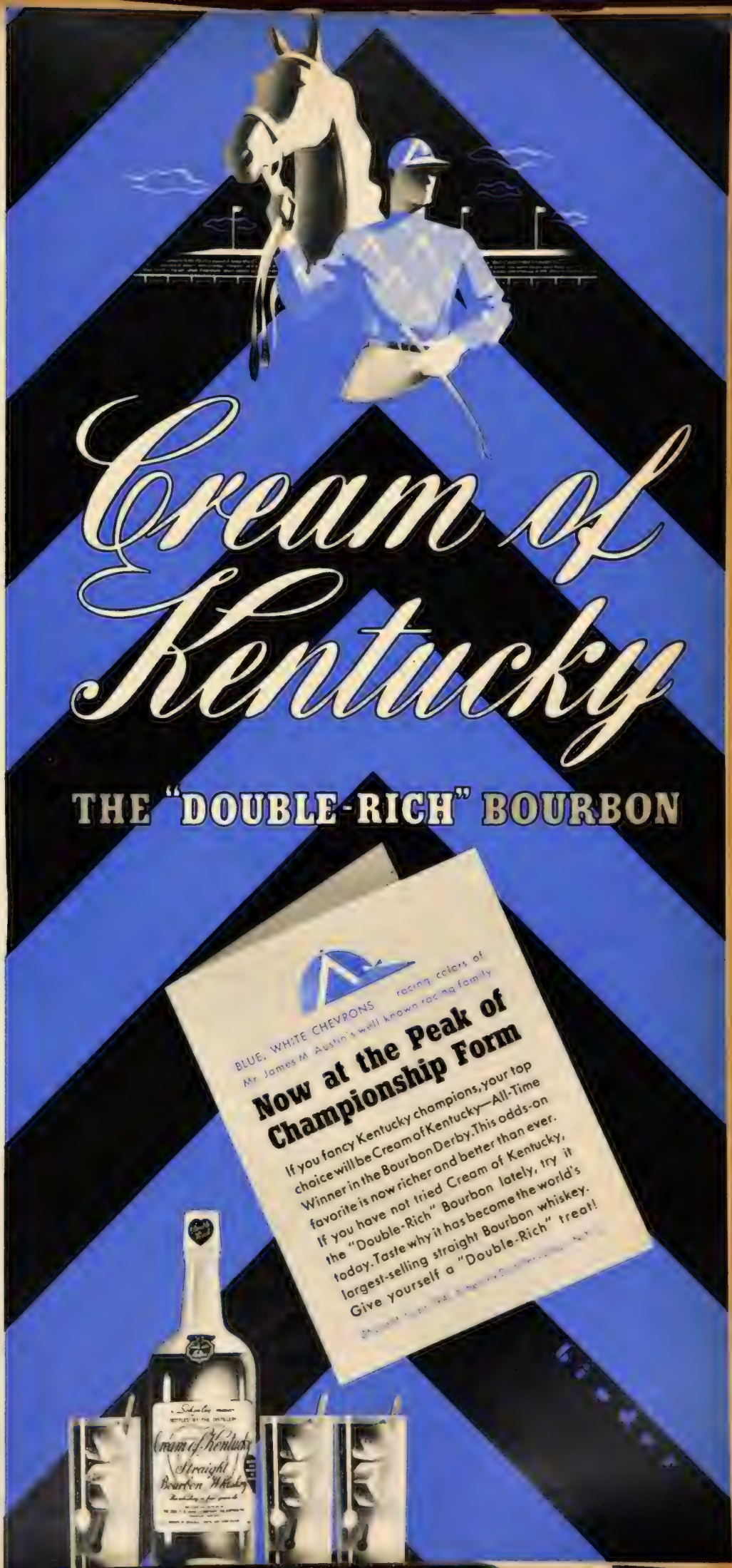
A year later, the ever-increasing influx of creditors and the never-ceasing flow of "third-party orders" made it impossible for the studio to transact business with Greg. So he was obliged to go through bankruptcy proceedings. No world première attracted as many stars and first-nighters as Ratoff's appearance before a district judge who was to rule on his petition. The court chamber was jammed. A fleet of Rolls-Royces outside kept the crowd gasping. The climax of the performance was provided by Ratoff's own plea. In answer to the judge's question as to what had happened to certain tangible assets of Ratoff's such as a platinum cigarette case, a gold watch, etc., Greg made a long speech. "Your Honor," he said, "you see before you the most attached but the only honest man in Hollywood. Go and talk to the local markets and ask them who is the most reliable pay in town. Their answer will be, 'Gregory Ratoff.' Go and talk to tailors, laundrymen, doctors, lawyers, bookmakers, florists, dentists, servants, taxi drivers . . ."

The judge raised his hand. "Cut!" he cried, and the audience of motion-picture stars, executives, and extras howled in delight, recognizing the familiar term used by the directors when they are not satisfied with the way a scene has been shot.

No sooner was the last creditor paid in full than the urge to be his own master took possession of Ratoff. He walked out on Hollywood at the very height of his tremendously successful career as a character actor, and decided to produce pictures on his own in Europe. His first—and last—picture made in the Old World will be long remembered by the exhibitors of the New World because of its billing. It reads as follows:

GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTIONS, LTD.
PRESENT
GREGORY RATOFF
in
"TWENTY MINUTES TO LIVE"
*An Original Story*
By GREGORY RATOFF
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY
GREGORY RATOFF

The people who witnessed the shooting of that epic agree on one thing. That the most unforgettable episode happened between the scenes when the camera was not working. Gregory Ratoff, the producer, director, writer, and star of Twenty Minutes to Live, a picture dealing with events that occur under the big tent, got into a slight altercation with two lions. He had hired them from a traveling zoo at one thousand francs per day, and he naturally expected them to work. But the lions did nothing but sleep. Exasperated by their lack of co-operation, Ratoff turned to his assistant and said



Cream of Kentucky
THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON
BLUE, WHITE CHEVRONS racing colors of Mr. James M. Austin's well known racing family
Now at the Peak of Championship Form
If you fancy Kentucky champions, your top choice will be Cream of Kentucky—All-Time Winner in the Bourbon Derby. This odds-on favorite is now richer and better than ever. If you have not tried Cream of Kentucky, the "Double-Rich" Bourbon lately, try it today. Taste why it has become the world's largest-selling straight Bourbon whiskey. Give yourself a "Double-Rich" treat!
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sternly, "Take the names and addresses of those two bums. They are never to appear in any picture of mine again. And that's final!" The lions remained singularly unimpressed. The extras giggled. That was too much for Ratoff. He walked to the nearest lion and yelled, "I'll make you register some emotion, if it is the last thing in the world I do!" He gave the sleeping animal a swift kick in the rear, and it almost turned out to be the last thing in the world he did.

It was shortly after the brief interlude as an independent European producer that Ratoff signed his four-way contract wtih Twentieth Century-Fox. The following five years were spent by him in writing, acting, directing, and above all providing belly laughs for all and sundry. To mention Ratoff's name nowadays in Darryl Zanuck's studio means hours of entertainment with more laughs per minute than Hellzapoppin. It would take a volume thicker than the New York Telephone Directory to preserve for posterity all the Ratoffisms, but at least one of them is a veritable "must" for every student of screwballs.

Right in the midst of directing a very important picture, Ratoff came to Zanuck and asked his permission to play in the Los Angeles company of Tovarich, opposite his wife. He swore up and down that his doubling in brass would not interfere with his duties as director. Zanuck said no instantaneously, but Ratoff refused to concede defeat. He went to see Joe Schenck, then chairman of the board of directors of Twentieth Century-Fox. Schenck had always had a soft spot for Ratoff, and Ratoff felt he would have an easier time with him than Zanuck. Schenck listened to his plea sympathetically and was obviously beginning to weaken, when Ratoff, in order to clinch the argument, exclaimed, pacing up and down the floor: "And now listen to this, Joe. Do you remember that scene in Tovarich when the Prince—that's the part I am going to play—is so impressed by the patriotic speech of the Bolshevik commissar that he agrees to sign a check for five billion francs and turn the whole sum over to the Soviet government? Why, Joe, when I reach that particular scene, there won't be a pair of dry eyes left in the audience."

"No," said William Goetz, who up to that time had remained a silent witness, "you bet your life there won't be a pair of dry eyes left in the audience! They'll all die laughing. Knowing you as they do, they'll all realize that the check will be sure to bounce."

Ratoff and money never mixed particularly well. What with slow horses, unpredictable dice, and missing aces, Ratoff always managed to live at least six months ahead of his income. Knowing that weakness of his, the Twentieth Century-Fox officials decided three years ago that they would pay him only a fraction of his salary and that the rest would be invested for him in such a fashion that he would not be able to lay his hands on the money until the expiration of his contract. Ratoff pleaded and cried and threatened, but they would not budge an inch. His was, however, the last laugh. Much to the stupefaction of his well meaning studio friends, he refused to renew his contract when his five years were up. They thought he was joking, but then they understood. Twenty-four hours after he said goodby to Twentieth Century-Fox an announcement appeared in the trade papers. Gregory Ratoff was to make pictures on his own! Now that, through no fault of his own, he had become the possessor of a good chunk of money, he was ready to gamble once more. This time not on a horse but on a story called Men in Her Life, which he had bought years before, and which he was determined to produce, come hell or high water.

And that's where things stand now. If Men in Her Life clicks, he will double or triple his stake. If it doesn't . . . well, let him speak for himself. "I love this picture so much," he says, "that I don't care whether or not it makes a cent. I am perfectly willing to walk with holes in my socks for the rest of my life, now that I have produced the only picture I ever wanted to produce." It won't be, of course, as bad as all that. In the first place, he can always get a job with any studio he wishes; and in the second place—this is strictly confidential—there is a "sleeper" that is sure to wake up at Santa Anita any day now.

THE END

You'll find, neighbor, it's a breeze
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Use Thin Gillettes to lick tough bristle
And you look slicker than a whistle!
Top Quality At
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THIN
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4 BLADES 10¢
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4 for 10¢
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The Famous Gillette Blue Blade
Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Package, 12 For 27¢

days," he said in exasperation. "With no performance today, who knows when they will return?"

Lisa did not reply. She stood attentive, as if awaiting orders. She knew she had to be careful. Von Seidtz' humor was bad this morning. He had sent four men from the local Gestapo to wait in the lobby, and all their impatience seemed concentrated in him.

He had not sent out an alarm for the fugitives. Of that Lisa was certain; she had been with him ever since his arrival. That he had refrained from doing it she supposed indicated he didn't yet know they *were* fugitives. He was still expecting them to return. Before admitting he had allowed two spies to pass his examination, he intended personally to seize them. . . .

"If only," he said, "I had some idea where they might have gone—"

At that Lisa had a sudden hope. . . . She seemed to recall something. "Yesterday Bardi mentioned the National Museum. He spoke about visiting it before the troupe left Prague—"

"*So?*" Herr von Seidtz contemplated his cigarette. Finally he rose. "It can do no harm," he said, "to try the museum. If they return before I come back, keep them here!"

"*Jawohl.*"

But, when Herr von Seidtz had gone, Lisa did not wait to keep them there. She went to her own room and watched from a window until she saw von Seidtz and the Gestapo agents cross the Vaclavska in the direction of the National Museum. As soon as they were out of sight, she put on a hat, snatched up a purse and gloves, and hurried out of the hotel.

Her eyes were wild with determination. She walked two blocks before she took a carriage to the railroad station. What she was doing was mad—utterly mad. It could result in catastrophe. But she had to do it.

At the information kiosk she learned she could catch her train in twenty-five minutes. She went to the ticket window and said, "To Carlsbad!"

☆ ADAM SZEBRANYI was gone more than an hour. When at last he came home, it was evident even before he spoke that his news was bad.

"I didn't see them," he said. "Nobody was there. I asked some of the neighbors, and they told me the Moktors had left this morning. No one knew when they'd be back."

Anne said, "They *have* to be in before dark."

"I'll try later in the afternoon," Adam promised. He gave her an uneasy glance. "I—I just met Professor Kelpar on the street. You remember that manifesto they asked us to sign a few months ago?"

When Anne nodded, he turned to explain to Philip and Mignon:

"It was the idea of Gauleiter Frank. He drew up a silly document which he asked hundreds of college professors, lawyers, doctors, and business men to endorse. A declaration of entrusting our destiny to Hitler. It was supposed to have great propaganda value with the people of Czecho-Slovakia." He dropped a harsh laugh.

"I heard about that," said Philip. "In Switzerland."

"Well, nobody signed it. Frank could have sent us all to concentration camps for refusing. But that, he decided, was a bad way to build good will. So he let it go. Now there's a rumor he's trying it again." He glanced at Anne. "Professor Kelpar told me the Gestapo came to see him last night with the same paper. That means they may drop in here, too."

It came like a jolt. Though it was not a positive threat, Philip felt its impact on his nerves.

"If they come," Adam said, "you'll go to the attic. They have no reason to search the house."

☆ THERE was nothing to do now but wait until the Moktors could be seen. The delay was torment. Philip found it impossible to remain still. As he paced the room he wished he could recall the names of other men who had fought around the Dornier. But those whose names he had known—Anton Kanes, Karel Cypek, and even Stefan Hesel—were dead. Anne did her utmost during lunch and afterward to ignore the present; to recapture the family spirit of former years—and to include Mignon in it. Only, you couldn't laugh now over childhood memories. They merely accentuated, by contrast, the agonies that had supplanted them. . . .

Just before four o'clock Adam Szebranyi rose, shut all the windows in the room, and closed the doors. Then he went to a corner bookcase and removed books from a shelf. When he had taken a few away, he revealed the dial of a small radio. He switched it on; it hummed.

Over his shoulder Adam shot a keen glance at his brother-in-law. "You won't want to miss this," he said.

"Illegal?"

"Of course. Nothing else is worth hearing."

They gathered in front of the tiny set, all four of them, waiting in strained silence. The minutes dragged. Once Adam compared his watch time with that of the clock. Then he shrugged. Philip's own tension was prompted by the suspicion that he was part of the broadcast. He had helped bring in the transmitter. . . .

Promptly at four music flowed from the set. The opening bars of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

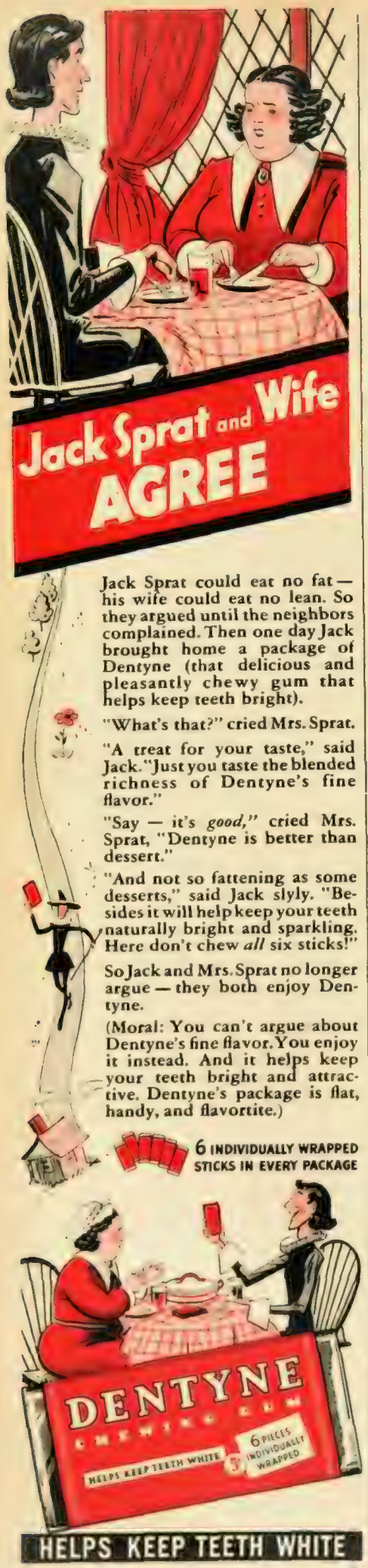
Adam Szebranyi kept the radio tuned so low that they had to bend toward it. "You recognize what they're playing?" he asked Mignon.

"Of course. Beethoven's—"

"More than Beethoven's now. That music belongs to all the people of the conquered territories. It is becoming their battle song, their Marseillaise.

*Limited time only!*

Bargain Combination Offer includes 79¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush and $1 size Wildroot-with-Oil or Wildroot Regular Formula (non-oily) . . . a $1.79 value. Both for 89¢! Genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush has gleaming *transparent* plastic back and handle. Famous 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil grooms the hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff. Get both brush and Wildroot from your drug store today at special 89¢ price! If dealer's stock is exhausted, send 89¢ to Wildroot Co., Buffalo, New York.


Jack Sprat and Wife
AGREE
Jack Sprat could eat no fat — his wife could eat no lean. So they argued until the neighbors complained. Then one day Jack brought home a package of Dentyne (that delicious and pleasantly chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright).
"What's that?" cried Mrs. Sprat.
"A treat for your taste," said Jack. "Just you taste the blended richness of Dentyne's fine flavor."
"Say — it's *good,*" cried Mrs. Sprat, "Dentyne is better than dessert."
"And not so fattening as some desserts," said Jack slyly. "Besides it will help keep your teeth naturally bright and sparkling. Here don't chew *all* six sticks!"
So Jack and Mrs. Sprat no longer argue — they both enjoy Dentyne.
(Moral: You can't argue about Dentyne's fine flavor. You enjoy it instead. And it helps keep your teeth bright and attractive. Dentyne's package is flat, handy, and flavortite.)
6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE
DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
6 PIECES INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

Echoing in a hundred million hearts. Every illegal broadcast now begins with those bars. Listen to their rhythm. One, two, three—*four!* One, two, three—*four!* . . . . Haven't you heard it in the streets? In the cafés? In the applause at your theater?"

"The rhythm of V!"

"That's it." Adam laughed. "They will hear it everywhere, the Germans. It will end by driving them mad."

The music stopped. A deep voice spoke:

"Men and women of Czecho-Slovakia. The familiar voice you have been hearing during the past ten months is gone. Last week it was silenced by the Gestapo and the Schutzstaffel. It was killed. We speak today in proof of the fact that they can kill the voice of a man but not the voice of a people. The voice of Czecho-Slovakia will go on, unchecked, never yielding in its cry for freedom and human rights. You are hearing it now, and you will hear it every day. Though they kill this voice too, and this transmitter today, tomorrow there will be others. . . ."

It was inspiring. To know he had helped perpetuate this national voice sent a thrill through Philip. In that moment he felt it had all been worth while—all the struggling, all the plotting, all the danger and fighting.

The announcer went on:

"We bring you first the news as it came to us by short wave from Station WRUL, Boston, in the United States of America: It is officially announced that American forces have occupied the island of Iceland. President Roosevelt has ordered—"

*"Pane!"* Alzbeta thrust her wrinkled face into the doorway. Her eyes were full of terror. *"Pane,* there is a man at the door—a stranger!"

☆ AS she spoke the bell rang. It was like a signal. Electrifying. Those in the parlor functioned like troops drilled for such a crisis. Adam Szebranyi at once switched off the radio. Philip and Mignon snatched up books, thrust them back on the shelf. Anne crossed the room to the heavy lace curtains at the windows. She looked through them, tense.

"You recognize him?" Adam whispered.

"No!"

"It must be about that damned manifesto!"

Philip had caught Mignon's arm. They went out of the room together, ran up the carpeted steps. The attic, Adam had said. They had to rush up two flights, and while they climbed the bell rang again.

On the top floor there was a single door. When Philip pushed it open, he saw that the attic was a bin rather than a room—so low of ceiling that he would have to stoop. It was cluttered with trunks, boxes, old carpets, broken furniture. Though there was a tiny window, it was closed; the place was hot, airless.

They stepped into it, and Philip swung back the door. Not all the way. He kept it open a little, so that he might stand beside it and listen to the voices downstairs.

He heard the visitor admitted. Because the house was hushed, the man's deep tones rose clearly. To Philip's bewilderment, they were familiar tones. He knew he had heard that voice before. But where? When he glanced in amazement at Mignon, he saw that she too recognized it.

The visitor was asking, "You are *Pane* Szebranyi?"

"Yes," said Adam. "What is it?"

"And this is the *Pani* Szebranyi?"

"My wife, *ano.*"

There was a pause. Then, more quietly, the caller said, "My name is Zarovel—Matej Zarovel. I have just come from Carlsbad—with the hope that Philip Layden may be here."

☆ FOR a second the shock of it stunned Philip. How Matej Zarovel had found this house, he didn't know. It seemed impossible. Yet the voice was unmistakable—the crisp, academic voice of the man who had posed as his doctor.

He said with sudden hoarseness, "Come!"

And then he was running down the stairs, Mignon behind him.

What happened in the next few moments he didn't quite know. He went through a blurred but fervent interval of shaking hands with Zarovel, of drawing him into the parlor.

Zarovel sat down on the edge of a settee. He had very little time, he explained; only a few minutes. He must be back in Carlsbad before dark. The others gathered about him in bewilderment. It was obvious that he hesitated to talk frankly in the presence of Anne and Adam. But when Philip reassured him, his manner changed. It became brisk, forthright. So that Mignon too might understand, he spoke in German instead of Slovakian.

"Fräulein Abernathil," he said, "came to my home at noon. She—"

Philip started to speak, but Zarovel pressed on:

"As you may know, my brother and I operate a short-wave radio. We keep it only for emergencies. At one o'clock we were able to communicate with the Ravineau headquarters in London. Fräulein Abernathil herself was in touch with them." He looked at Philip. "Tomorrow, shortly after midnight, one of the Ravineau bombers will land near Carlsbad to take you and the lady"—he nodded at Mignon—"to London."

Mignon half rose. Into her eyes came a look of dazed, almost transcendental joy.

"It will come under the same circumstances," Zarovel said, "as did the bomber which arrived here in Prague last week. We will have signals and a landing field ready. You are to be there by eleven."

Adam Szebranyi whispered in confusion, "But Carlsbad! Carlsbad is almost a hundred kilometers from here. How are they to get there?"

"It can be arranged." Zarovel was as concise as an officer issuing orders.

"Tomorrow afternoon a truck will come. It will be manned by brownshirts. They will be confiscating household metal for use in munitions. When they enter, they will carry a barrel—presumably to be filled with copper ware and aluminum." He glanced at Philip. "For you there will be a brownshirt uniform in the barrel. You can travel on the truck with it. They will carry out the lady in the barrel. She must remain hidden. The truck will bring you to a road near Carlsbad, where I myself will meet you. From there we will go through a forest to the landing field."

That was the message he had come to bring; and having uttered it, Matej Zarovel looked at his watch. He rose.

"I have but seventeen minutes to make my train."

Mignon exclaimed, "How—how in heaven's name did you find us here?"

"Through the Ravineau headquarters. They have a Layden dossier," Zarovel explained. "They found in it that he has a sister in Prague. It seemed the logical place for him to hide. So I came here."

Philip found it necessary to swallow. "What about Fräulein Abernathil?" he asked.

"She is at the Hotel Vratislav."

"Does von Seidtz know she went to Carlsbad?"

"No-o." For the first time, Zarovel looked uneasy. "But who can ever guess how much the Gestapo will learn? Or how?" He hesitated. "It was a dangerous thing for her to do. She risked everything. But she said she had no choice. She could not sit still, doing nothing about you."

☆ PHILIP'S heart pounded. "If von Seidtz suspects what she did today," he whispered, "she won't have a chance—"

"Except this," slowly said Zarovel. "From what she told me of von Seidtz, he is the sort of man who might be induced to forget his suspicions of a pretty woman—for certain reasons."

The pounding in Philip became a fury. He saw Zarovel thrust out his hand in farewell, and he took it. But it was a mechanical gesture. He wasn't thinking of Zarovel now. He was thinking of Lisa. His thoughts beat upon him with a savagery he could not escape.

He knew, even before Zarovel was out of the door, that he wouldn't leave Lisa behind. He knew, without knowing how, that he was going back for her. Now. Before it was too late. At any risk. When the plane left for London tomorrow, she must be on it.

He waited until Zarovel had left. Then he turned to Mignon. His very expression shocked her.

"I'm going to the hotel," he said.

---

*Can Philip succeed in his mad scheme? Can he pass through Nazi-patrolled streets, reach the hotel, and rescue Lisa? Will his rash risk for love be rewarded with death? The final chapter of this tense novel will surprise and thrill you. Read it in Liberty next week!*


EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

**DEWAR CHALLENGE TROPHY.** Presented by Scotsman Sir Thomas Dewar to encourage soccer football in the United States, the handsome trophy shown at the right has since 1913 been emblematic of the national open championship in this fast, exciting sport. The highest goal of every amateur and professional soccer club in the country is to get its name engraved on the Dewar Trophy—because that's proof that the team is tops and every player on it is better than good!

**ETHYL EMBLEM.** There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl name. Gasoline in a pump which bears the Ethyl trade mark has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer; a quicker-starting engine in cold weather; extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, "Ethyl" tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
REG. TRADE MARK

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

# TO THE Ladies

## BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ WASHINGTON is being publicized so widely as our boom town of defense that in all parts of the country women who do secretarial work now think how exciting it would be if their bosses should get dollar-a-year jobs at the capital—and take them along! Because it *might* happen to any of you, I have inquired into the Washington clothes problem as it affects office girls. For information I consulted Helene Kravadze, Washington's smart shopping columnist and director of fashion shows. . . . "Two of the town's cleverest dressers," said Helene, "are Louise Hackmeister, in charge of private phones at the White House, and Mary Eben, also of the White House staff. Among the diplomatic corps ladies of outstanding chic, Señora de Bayle, wife of the Nicaraguan Minister, designs and creates her own clothes. To a Washington wardrobe, taste is more important than luxury." . . . Miss Kravadze tells us the following dress facts of Washington life: Tailored semi-sports clothes are suitable for your office day, for the many tea parties you'll attend, even for dinner at the popular hotels, where every one entertains informally. Be sure your tailored things are of good material; somehow, fabrics are noticed more in Washington than elsewhere. . . . Going bareheaded is *not* Washington style, so provide yourself with several hats, rather striking, the kind you can wear straight from your office to a swell tea dance. Buy shoes carefully. Washington men, senators included, pay attention to a gal's shoes! Carry a big handbag, not a little one. A large smartly tailored handbag is the career woman's emblem. . . . Dinner dresses gain more and more in vogue for evening. A long-sleeved white dinner dress is a sure-fire bet. Clare Boothe wears one to the very highest functions. Don't acquire a low-cut formal evening gown until you actually need it. Two afternoon dresses, declares Helene Kravadze, will see the average Washington working-lady through her social swim.

☆ A COUPLE of my acquaintance used to be crazy about each other back in adolescent years. Both were budding musicians. He played three different instruments, and she composed what were probably the worst ballads in the world. They thought of marrying, but he led a barnstorming band, while she decided to lead a life less insecure. She married money. He went on to reach considerable success as a conductor. Not long ago he received, by mail, a number of songs from an unknown composer. Suspecting their origin, he traced them to his former sweetheart, found her divorced. Without telling her how he had discovered her, he wooed and married her. Not wanting to hurt her feelings, he didn't mention her songs. Finally she asked, and he admitted they were so awful he had recognized them as hers. She didn't get mad. She laughed, "I guessed you'd know they were mine."

☆ THESE *Curried Chicken Croquettes* are an English lunch or supper delicacy reminiscent of service years in India. With the aid of your spice shelf, they'll help a modest amount of left-over chicken go a long, savory way. . . . To serve four, make a cream sauce with 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1½ cups milk, pinch of cinnamon, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion. When sauce is ready stir in 1 egg yolk, 1½ cups minced chicken, 2 tablespoons grated coconut, 1 teaspoon chutney. Mix all together thoroughly and let cool till quite firm. Shape into small croquettes; dip in egg yolk and bread crumbs; brown in butter. Serve in a ring of yellow rice—1 teaspoon turmeric powder to each cup rice while boiling. Chutney on the side.

☆ APROPOS of other Empire matters associated with curry. I recently heard the wives of two British colonial officials, here now en route to distant posts, bespeak the merits of various native servants they had employed. Said one wife, "Well, after all, I must say I did become rather attached to my Arabians. Whenever they stole anything *important*, they always brought me a gift next day."

☆ GARBO has her own name, so I hear, for that short bob she's wearing, Hollywood friends tell me she calls it a *yes-and-no haircut*, because of the exercises she does every day for the back of her neck, now completely exposed by the new bob. Twenty vigorous up-and-down shakes of the head, as when saying yes, then twenty emphatic side-to-side shakes, as for no. . . . Wartime thrift is leading more and more of us to adopt the short haircut, also the wrap turban that hides much of our hair. Tough luck for hairdressers, but we girls *must* economize!

☆ FUN is good for expectant parents. I suggest giving them John Gould's new laugh book, Prenatal Care for Fathers. (Published by the Stephen Daye Press. $1.50.)

"Oh, hang the budget, Priscilla. I want another bag of peanuts."

# YOO-HOO! HAVE WE GOT A SISSY ARMY?

Continued from Page 11

and broke his heart. I saw a piece which said that General Hugh A. Drum saw ahead of time how the Germans were going to utilize mechanized units in exactly the way they have, but no one listened to him. Major de Seversky describes how he pleaded with the army not to depend exclusively upon one type of engine, because if it turned out not to be all they thought of it, they would be stuck. And when it came to a showdown, they had to turn from their pet engine to another type. And I saw a quotation from General Johnson Hagood in which he said:

"The present organization of the Department of War is so involved that no Secretary of War has been able to understand it. . . . It would fall down immediately upon the outbreak of war."

☆ THERE is something frighteningly phony in all this. Even if we can afford to play politics with the WPA, the army is something else. It may be called out at any moment to protect us. We want an efficient, disciplined army. We don't want one that needs to be coddled. We hate to read anything about it like this from General Marshall's report:

"Another limitation at the present time involves leadership. There has been submitted to the Congress within the past few days the draft of a joint resolution designed to vitalize the leadership in the army.

"The purpose of this legislation is to remove from the active list a few officers who slow down the development of our emergency army through lack of qualities of vigor and intelligent, aggressive leadership. . . ."

It ought not to be so hard to fire an officer who lacks vigor, intelligence, and aggressive leadership. He ought to be canned without question and right away. How can we have confidence in an army that has frumps among its officers? And it isn't only a question of how we feel, but what impression all this makes on the draftee. He has to obey the frump as well as the competent general. Well, he does not feel like obeying and he knows he can get away with a lot, because nobody wants unfavorable public opinion. At this point morale breaks down.

Talk to the people who live in towns near the camps: they'll give you an earful on the lack of discipline and morale. And if we can't maintain an army with a high morale and a firm discipline, let us admit that the American people don't want this war and let us get out of it. It is one way or the other. The present coddling policy of a democratic citizens' army that figuratively punches a time clock and that can't be trained because its equipment isn't available, is distressingly shameful.

THE END

A NEW IDEA FOR
HUNGRY GOBLINS
MENU FOR YOUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY
Pumpkin Full O' Beans (Heinz Boston-style Oven-Baked Beans with pork and molasses)
Cider Baked Ham
Cole Slaw with Heinz India Relish
Crusty Rolls Heinz Grape Jelly
Baked Pears à la Mode
Coffee

**Recipe** Line a good-sized jack-o-lantern with red paper. Cut opening so that the rim of your bean pot or casserole rests on top. Then, heat Heinz Oven-Baked Beans thoroughly and set casserole inside pumpkin.

**Table Setting** Make a harlequin table cover by sewing together 25-inch widths of glazed cambric—red, orange, yellow! The pumpkin filled with Heinz Beans—set on a platter circled with leaves and flowers—makes a dramatic centerpiece—a delectable, hearty main dish.

**The Food** Inexpensive and really *interesting* food for a crowd—Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. They're prepared in old-time Boston-style with fine pork, golden molasses, mustard and many another rare spice. Grocers carry Heinz Oven-Baked Beans—4 kinds. *Market note:* One 18 oz. tin provides 4 generous servings!

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

IT'S THE SAUCE THAT MAKES 'EM GREAT!

1. Boston-style, with pork and molasses. 2. Tomato sauce with pork. 3. Vegetarian, tomato sauce, no meat. 4. Red kidney beans.

# THE LAST WORD: *A New Abdullah Novel of East and West*

© BACHRACH
FULTON OURSLER

**AN IRISH DETECTIVE** and a beautiful Chinese girl in the Bronx! These are characters and settings from Achmed Abdullah's new novel, Blood of the Dragon, which begins in Liberty next week. The detective is watching her, while her eyes are on a statue of Buddha before which she prays—not for peace, as she was taught, but for bloodthirsty revenge. So the detective found her; so he tried to lay on her shoulders the burden of his espionage assignment; so she became involved in a great international crime and he became enmeshed in the rebellion of his own heart. Here is a gaudy and exciting yarn, full of color and romance and some revelation of what goes on behind the scenes of this strange world in which we live.

I believe you will also be interested in Flying Through Hell, a self-told story by George Patterson Christie, an R. A. F. pilot. Further, I recommend with great heartiness and confidence Does Hollywood Need New Leadership? by Frederick Lewis, which may make all Hollywood see stars but which nevertheless deals with remorseless facts in what is a very sick industry; The Bronx Bombshell, by Eddie Dooley; Are We Going to Starve with Twenty Billion Dollars' Worth of Gold in Our Mouths, by George E. Sokolsky; She Happens on Ice, a piece about Sonja Henie by J. P. McEvoy; and another piece about the theater by George Jean Nathan.

**SALMAGUNDI:** Recently I have seen in newspapers some very good sketches in words and drawing by James Montgomery Flagg, now in Hollywood. I liked especially the one of Hedy Lamarr. Incidentally, some years ago Jim Flagg was commissioned to illustrate a serial in Liberty. He hired a most beautiful model for the heroine at five dollars an hour—a lass at that time unknown to fame, but now she earns five thousand dollars a week—Dolores Costello. . . . Laura K. Burbridge, a new writer who had a fine story in Liberty a few weeks ago, tells us: "When my story, Bertie Finds a 'Ome, came out I was in a little town called Fawcett, one hundred miles north of Edmonton. A small grocery store carried a small assortment of magazines. I had faint hopes of seeing Liberty. But I was fooled. They had two of 'em. (And my name was in bright red letters.) I, of course, purchased one of them and was going to crawl into a corner somewhere and look it over. But not so my brother. He said, 'She has a story in that.' The clerk was halfway across the floor when she grasped what he'd said. She came back wide-eyed, breathing hard, and said, 'I've never seen anybody before that had a story printed in an honest-to-goodness magazine—*and got paid for it.*' In the meantime the other magazine was about in tatters by eager purchasers. By this time I was feeling quite important and wondering why the writing bug hadn't struck me sooner. The following day a woman walked over muskeg country eight miles to borrow my brother's copy. To her disappointment, he'd already loaned it. It was fun. I suppose I can safely say I've had fifty telephone calls telling me how much the story was enjoyed. And the three organizations I belong to, the Santa Monica Writers' Club, a study group, and the Southern California Woman's Press Club, tell me they have their Libertys for my autograph." . . . In the Advertiser for last December I have just read an article, Dixie Bound! by Allan T. Preyer, which confirms my own observations in recent travels through the South—our new industrial frontier is below the Mason and Dixon line. Mr. Preyer, who is vice-president of the Vick Chemical Company, has well reported the extraordinary manufacturing development of what was once a place of romanticism, historical tradition, and resignation. The South is leading the country today, and this has in it the promise of great and good social consequences. . . . Dinner with Señor F. Molina Campos the other night. He is a South American artist for whom I predict enduring fame. Soon you will see some of his sketches of New York life and other subjects in Liberty; the artist flew up from Buenos Aires on our invitation to undertake this assignment. On the day he arrived he also made an arrangement with Walt Disney, who will present three short subjects conceived and drawn by F. Molina Campos. . . . In a New York evening newspaper the other night I read a brilliant advertisement: "We Pay Big Prices for Diamonds! Look Around Your Home Now for Old Diamonds," etc. Well, I looked and looked and looked but I didn't find even one forgotten diamond!

☆

*THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.* FULTON OURSLER.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY ARMANDO

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

# "You'll learn a lot, my dear, that isn't in the books!"

LITTLE BEULAH was a bit nervous about her first day in school.

"Do you mean, Mommy," she anxiously asked Elsie, the Borden Cow, "that I've got to worry about passing examinations *outside* of school?"

"Indeed you have, my dear," smiled Elsie. "We Borden cows also must be able to pass the strict examinations of Borden's eagle-eyed experts. They'll flunk you like *that*, the minute the milk you'll some day produce for Borden's is anything less than tip-top."

"Then what's the use of going to school at all?" Beulah demanded, discouraged.

Elsie explained: "So you'll learn many other important things. Like the total population of all the communities that depend upon us for pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk*

—and the host of grand products made from that milk. On the other hand, you should learn some Arithmetic . . ."

"I can count up to ten already," interrupted Beulah.

"You must do better than that," Elsie replied: "there are more than twenty delightful varieties in the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*. One of the

most popular examples is creamy-hearted, golden-crusted *Liederkranz*—as 100% American as canvasback duck."

"Cousin Millie says we have to study something called Art," said Beulah.

"Yes," agreed Elsie. "And you'll find that in *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* we Borden cows contribute handsomely to another kind of Art—the fine Art of Cookery. Through it, we help to make wonder-

ful cream soups, fluffy mashed potatoes."

"Later on," worried Beulah, "we get something else called jog—jogger—"

"Geography," prompted Elsie. "You know—everything about the map. You'll learn, for instance, that all over the map mouths water at the sight of *Borden's Ice Cream*. It's pure, smooth, luscious as can be because it's made from the grandest milk and cream—Borden's."

"Do most folks know all the marvelous things that are made from Borden's milk?" Beulah wanted to know.

"I doubt it," Elsie answered. "I don't suppose that many realize that *casein* extracted from milk actually makes *Casco Glue*—a glue with a bull-dog grip for big jobs like mending furniture or for delicate work like ship modeling."

"That should make folks want to *stick* to everything that's Borden's!" said Beulah slyly.

"It certainly should, darling!" laughed Elsie. "Even to the Borden products that don't happen to come from milk. Like *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*—the heart and soul of the spiciest pies in the

world. Borden care makes sure that *None Such* is just as pure and wholesome as everything else bearing the Borden name."

Beulah was so pleased with her little joke that she decided to try another. "Gee, Mommy, you sound like a whole Borden of Education!"

"That's about enough out of you, young lady," said Elsie. "Off to school with you. And just try to remember this one lesson: *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'*"

* * *

***More than 27,000 Borden employees work in partnership with 47,000 owner-stockholders, to provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home.***

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**ANGELA CUMMINS**
Chesterfield's
Girl of the Month

# *At all the Games*
# IT'S CHESTERFIELD

For **MILDNESS**, for **BETTER TASTE** and **COOLER SMOKING**, Chesterfield is the winning cigarette . . . they're quick to satisfy with their *right combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

All around you, pack after pack, you'll see Chesterfields giving smokers a lot more pleasure. *Join in, light 'em up, and you've got a cigarette to cheer about.*

**Everywhere you go . . .**
**it's have a Chesterfield** *They Satisfy*

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